DWB

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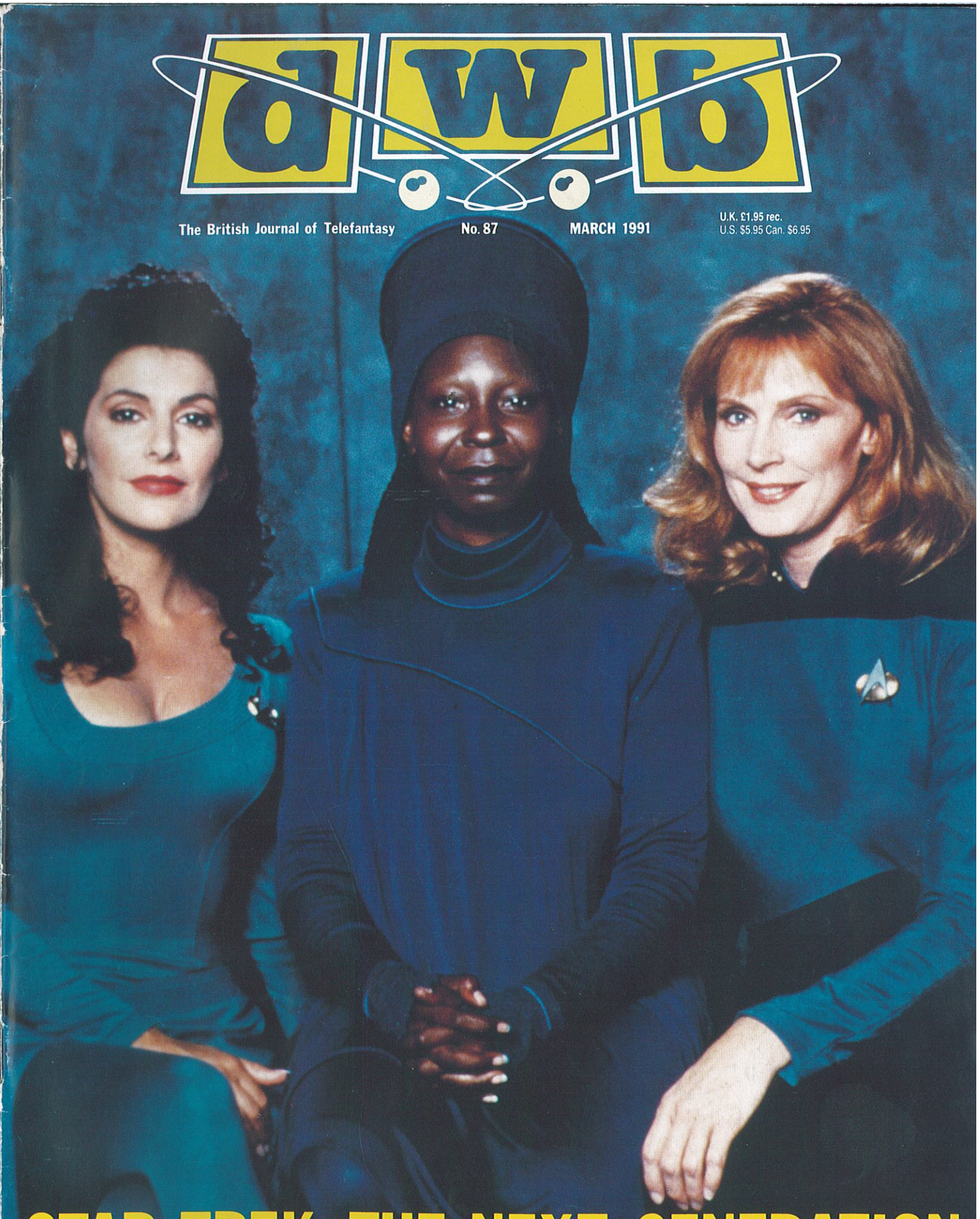

STAR TREK~THE NEXT GENERATION
Season 4 Episode Guide...

DWB 87
$ 7.50

AVENGERS EPISODES STRUCK FOR CHANNEL 4

FURTHER to last month's news, we can reveal that twelve new one-inch masters have been struck for transmission later this year on Channel 4.

Titles confirmed so far, all starring Honor Blackman as Cathy Gale include (from Season Two) **Immortal Clay** (and from Season Three) **November Five, Second Sight, The Gilded Cage, The Wringer, The Little Wonders** and **The Charmers.** More details as and when they're announced.

COMIC BOOK LAUNCH

(c) Weintraub Entertainments Group Ltd.

Late February sees the launch of Acme Press's three-part prestige comic series, **Steed and Mrs Peel,** each featuring all new stories adapted into vivid comic strips by artist Ian Gibson.

The first book, titled The Golden Game, is centred around the kidnapping of Tara King, with Steed teaming up again with Mrs. Peel to find her. As might be expected the search leads them along a bizarre trail of clues to an evil mastermind... The story is by Grant Morrison.

Books two and three, released in late April and late June respectively, feature a story by Anne Caulfield titled Deadly Rainbow and introduces Mr. Peel for the first time.

The books each contain 48 full colour, square-bound glossy pages and retail at £2.99 each. *In the States they will be distributed by Eclipse Comics.

SOME SF SURVIVES IN BSkyB TRANSITIONS

ON NOVEMBER 3rd last year British Satellite Broadcasting and Sky Television merged to form British Sky Broadcasting. But how has this move affected viewers of satellite telefantasy?

Subscribers to Sky are unaffected, at least in the short term. BSB equipment holders, however, will already have lost the Now channel to Sky News and the excellent Galaxy channel to Sky One. Among the Galaxy programmes withdrawn at the latter part of last year to make a return on Sky One during January were **Monsters, A Twist in the Tale** and the SF classic **The Outer Limits. Monsters** and **A Twist in the Tale** - both horror/fantasy short stories series - have made the transition from Sunday nights at 10.30 and 11.00 respectively to Saturday at 11.30 and 12.00 midnight. However, there was only a single showing of these two programmes in January which took place on the 12th. **The Outer Limits** has moved from Sundays to Thursdays at 11.00pm, recommencing on the 24th (see centre pages...).

NEW SHOWS FOR SQUARIELS

Sky One programmes now available to BSB receiver holders include **Lost in Space** (Mondays to Fridays at 5.00pm), **Alien Nation** (Wednesdays at 8.00pm), **The Bionic Woman** (Saturdays at 11.00am), **The New Adventures of Wonder Woman** (Sundays at 1.00pm) and **The Man from Atlantis** (Sundays at 3.00pm). Also showing are the comedies **Alf, Bewitched** and **Small Wonder.** And it's no small wonder that all of these series hail from America, with the only one of any real worth being **Alien Nation** which is based on the feature film of the same name.

A token representation of **Doctor Who** was also made during January, supposedly in a bid to help appease the large following inherited from BSB, when the two Amicus movies were shown, both being unaffected by the Equity/Sky stalemate situation (see last issue). **Doctor Who and the Daleks** was aired twice (Monday 7th at 6.00pm and Saturday 26th at 4.20pm) with **Daleks Invasion Earth 2150AD** also repeated (on Monday 14th at 6.00pm and Sunday 27th at 4.20pm).

SATELLITE CONSUMER RIGHTS

After a decision made by the Independent Broadcasting Authority on December 20th, holders of BSB equipment will receive the current five channels from the Marco Polo satellite for two more years, thereby reducing inconvenience caused to users in the change-over to Astra equipment, due to have been completely achieved by December 1992. It is anticipated that a deal between Sky and Equity will have been struck by then to prevent BSkyB losing the viewers who invested in a squariel for the sole purpose of viewing vintage BBC series.

With many satellite viewers having originally chosen BSB over Sky for other specific reasons such as professionalism and quality of programming, not to mention the less obtrusive appearance of the squariel itself, BSkyB will almost certainly find customers refusing to accept Astra equipment as a replacement. At the time of the merger a national newspaper printed a small piece which stated that Which? magazine, which advises on consumers' legal matters, claimed that owners of BSB equipment should legally be entitled to a refund because BSkyB will clearly be in breach of its contract.

B B C ALTERNATIVE

If the BBC goes ahead with its proposed plan to carry a four-channel night time subscription service, then telefantasy viewers will almost certainly find more to their liking on a 'Science Fiction Channel'. No dish would be required to receive programmes, and many quality British serials would be prime candidates for an airing. Among those we could expect to resurface from the archives would be **Counterstrike, Doom-watch, Moonbase 3** and **Blake's 7.**

Ty Power

*DAVE ROGERS' new Avengers novel, Too Many Targets, is now available in the UK on import from specialist comic shops. The book, released in America by St.Martin's Press, has yet to find a British publisher.

*THE STILL ON PAGE TWO is the only on-set colour photograph thought to exist from the Honor Blackman Avengers episodes, unless you know otherwise... (c) BFI Stills

*NEXT ISSUE, to help commemorate its thirtieth anniversary, we will be taking a special look at The Fright-eners, the only surviving Season One episode which recently came to light.

SCI-FI CHANNEL

THE SCI-FI CHANNEL, expected to launch any time now, has announced that its original programmes - which will fill approximately 45 hours a week of its non-stop airtime and will include a haunted house game show, a comic book show and NASA coverage - will originate from Disney-MGM Studios' soundstages with post-production facilities in Orlando, Florida. There will also be 14 hours of original co-productions, including the channel's signature show Isaac Asimov's Universe and a science fiction news show. The largest percentage of the channel's output (approximately 109 hours a week) will consist of library material.

For more information, write to: Auriette Hahn, Director of Fan Relations, Sci-Fi Channel, 2000 Glades Road, Suite 206, Boca Raton, FL 33431. (Source: FDW)

LOCATIONS TREASURE HUNT by Anthony McKay: Every year I organise a weekend event in which we visit locations used in classic television series of the sixties and seventies such as The Prisoner, The Avengers, The Saint, Randall And Hopkirk and U F O. We stay at a hotel used in The Avengers and the weekend climaxes in a motor treasure hunt just like the one seen in the series. Anyone interested in attending this year's event, which will take place on the weekend of June 28-30th, should send a SAE for details to; Avengers Treasure Hunt, 88 Edlington Lane, Warmsworth, Doncaster DN4 9LS.

NEW FROM TITAN

TITAN BOOKS publish the new Star Trek novel, Mutiny On The Enterprise by Robert E. Vardeman, and the new Star Trek - The Next Generation book by John Vornholt titled Contamination in March. Both books retail at £2.99. The Titan range is available Down-Under in specialist shops and book stores at $9.95 (Australia) and $12.95 (New Zealand)

STAR TREK SELL-OFF

STAR TREK has provided the theme around which the Government is pinning the success of its latest privatisation of its two electricity generators, National Power and PowerGen. Shot on the Next Generation film set, William Shatner and James (Scottie) Doohan again don their tight movie corsets and costumes in a pastiche sure to become as notorious as the "Tell Sid" campaign...

D W B, PO Box 1015,
BRIGHTON BN2 2YU

ANOTHER ISSUE of D W B within the space of just two weeks? By the time you read this I should, Gulf War pending, be in Australia to attend one or two conventions and conduct a couple of interviews. Even 12,000 miles away there's still no escaping work! D W B#88 will be out in six weeks time, enabling us to maintain our record of having one issue published every month since #52 (in March '88!) and thereafter we should resume our normal 4-weekly schedule.

On a more downbeat, I am sorry to announce that, in light of recent changes within the D W A S 'executive', D W B can no longer justify its alliance with the society and has formally severed all ties with the 'official recognised' Doctor Who fan club. As there have been since time immemorial, there are still certain elements within the present exec who, we strongly feel, are simply not conducive to the running of a society which should exist to put its members first instead of wasting valuable time on petty vendettas and childish displays of one-upmanship, which appear to be more in favour these days than the important question of something as trivial as co-operating in helping to reinstate the programme they supposedly 'appreciate'. it is sadly clear that the D W A S exec. is still seen, by a minority of fans, as a platform where individuals - desperate for a share of the limelight - aspire to and, by grovelling hard enough to their mentors, sometimes reach, subsequently allowing their egos to get in the way of the job in hand. Craig Hinton and Michael Proctor strove to rid the D W A S of this image, a move which D W B applauded, but since their departure it has returned - worse than ever!

In its current pitifall state, which any D W B reader who still belongs to the D W A S would probably testify to - and which I might elaborate on next issue - the society would probably be better off if the B B C severed its umbilical cord.

On that regrettably bitter note, I bid you bon voyage until March.-GARY

COVER: STTNG; 2/3 - Telefantasy News; 4/5 - WHO News; 6/7 - Letters; 8/9 - Star Trek: The Next Generation Season 4 Episode Guide Part One; 10/11 - Journeying to The Outer Limits; 12-15 - Macra Terror Special; 17-19 - Memory Cheats: The Krotons and The Curse of Fenric; Back Cover - D W B#69 featured the stunning cover artwork by Paul Redfearn based on our then-announced Doctor Who Series Survey all-time classic The Talons Of Weng-Chiang. Due to the over-enthusiasm of our printers of the time, this work wasn't seen to its best advantage, and numerous requests since to see it reprinted in full are answered this issue...

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Acme Press, John Ainsworth, W.H.Allen, Rob Ashby, Jay Badenhoop, Jeremy Bentham, BFI, Anthony Clark, Stacey Clegg & BBC Video, John Davies, The Friends of Doctor Who, David Gibbs, Chuck Hansen, Marcus Hearn, Peter Linford, Paramount, Ty Power, Paul Redfearn, Brian Robb, Mike Smith, Ian Stuart Black, Titan Books, Kathleen Toth, Paul Vyse.

TO ORDER NEXT ISSUE (D W B#88, April 1991): Send a crossed cheque/PO payable to D W B for £1.95 (£2.30 for card-reinforced envelope mailed first class) or US$4.75 to D W B#88, PO Box 1015, BRIGHTON BN2 2YU.
TO SUBSCRIBE: From next issue up to January 1992 costs £24.50 (£28.40 for 1st class card envelopes) or US$59.75.

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A SAD DAY IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO's Public Broadcating Station - WTTW Channel 11 - has officially declared Doctor Who comatose. After pulling the show off its Sunday 11.00pm mainstay and switching it to Fridays, then Saturdays at 10.30pm, the station has decided to plant it firmly within the 'Now-it's-definite-that-no-one-will-watch' timeslot of Monday through Thursday at 12.30am. That's A.M. folks!

In a phone conversation with an employee who works within the programming department at Channel 11, I was told that she herself was informed by her superiors that "nobody is watching anymore". After getting through only the second story in the Davison Black Guardian trilogy, Channel 11 yanked the show and has now gone back to the umpteenth showing of the Jon Pertwee classics. We have yet to see Sylvester McCoy's third season.

I was also told that, though the station presently owns the rights to the Hartnell/Troughton stories, it has no intention of showing them again as they drew only complaints on their first airing due to the fact that they were "black and white and fuzzy all over".

The kind and sympathetic woman also said that she understands the station's rights to Doctor Who will come to an end this year and that the station - one of the originals to start showing Doctor Who in the States - will not be purchasing the show again. A sad day in Chicago, indeed.

John Nathan-Turner once proclaimed Chicago "Doctor Who's away from home", but now, with Chicago's Public Television station's disenchantment with the programme (cost and lack of new material being the obvious factors), other PBS stations will most likely be following suit.

In the future (if there is one here for Doctor Who), the BBC will not be selling to a Chicago market, a Miami market, a New York market, a Los Angeles market, etc. They will be selling to just one market; the Science Fiction Cable Network which will, in turn, cover the entire country all by itself. How wise is that? CHUCK HANSEN

*IS THE COMBINATION OF LIONHEART'S DUBIOUS TACTICS IN SELLING DOCTOR WHO AND THE LACK OF NEW PRODUCT SPELLING THE DEATH KNELL FOR THE SERIES STATESIDE? SEE PAGE SEVEN...

BRIEFLY...

THANKS to W.H.Allen for providing D W B with a clutch of their new reprint covers plus the long-awaited cover of the first 'New Adventures' Timewyrm release, Genesys.

The publication schedule for all the books featured here appears in D W B#85, and in addition Battlefield by Marc Platt is firmly set for release in July.

MONSTERMAKER Bill Roberts, who built the original Daleks from Raymond Cusick's blueprints at Shawcraft, died recently aged 73.

MARVEL herald the return of the Doctor Who annual when, in the last week of July this year, a 64-page full colour hardback yearbook, retailing at £4.25, is released. As well as articles based on the creation of Doctor Who and the making of (yes, you guessed!) The Curse Of Fenric, there will be several fictional and factual short stories by such Who luminaries as John Lucarotti, John (Steve Gallagher) Lydecker and Marc Platt.

D W B is considering making a formal objection to OFTEL, the phoneline users' complaints commission, following letters from angry readers who feel they have been ripped off by dialling the special 'Enter the World of Doctor Who' and 'The Dr Who Quiz' lines - the latter of which offers £100 a week prize money - which have recently appeared as advertisements in several magazines.

It is stipulated by OFTEL that no phoneline should consciously seek to con a caller by keeping him/her on a line for no reason, yet both these lines apparently seek to do just that, particularly in the case of the quiz-line which takes a full minute before the first question is even asked, or 44p (33p off peak) in cost to the caller! Many people have also comolained that, even after giving the correct answer, they are told they are wrong and so forfeit the chance to win the £100 prize money.

D W B strongly advises its readers against using these lines, which we feel represent just about the grossest form of fan exploitation we have come across. If you want to take part in a Doctor Who role playing game or participate in a Doctor Who quiz, then more intellectually taxing books, and at a nth of the price, are available.

Meanwhile, we look forward to hearing your views on the subject...

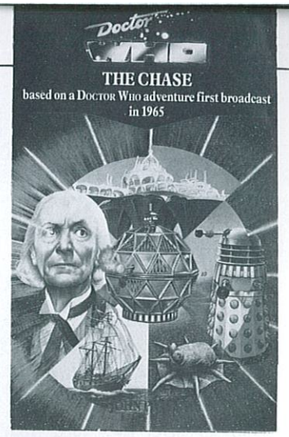
DOCTOR WHO 'STUCK' WITH JNT

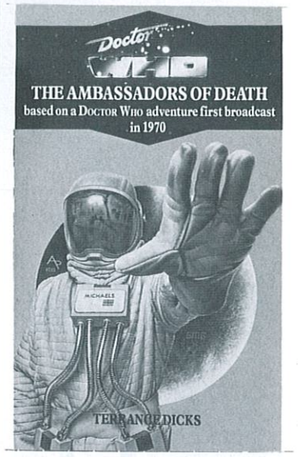
IT TRANSPIRES that John Nathan-Turner, having little luck in finding a new job outside of Doctor Who, actually approached B B C Video himself with the idea of producing tapes featuring individual episodes from the Hartnell and Troughton years. Penny Mills, Head of Video Production at B B C Enterprises, said "We are delighted that John is joining us. His wealth of Doctor Who knowledge and experience can be utilised to its fullest, for the benefit of Doctor Who fans everywhere." While many fans are bound to disagree with this statement, it appears that even though he is no longer Doctor Who's producer, while he has little luck in finding employment elsewhere then his name is sure to remain in the news. Since leaving the post last August he has fronted the B S B Weekend and attended several fee-paying events, believed to be his sole source of income. (The photograph, left, was taken by James Howarth at such an event - PanoptiCon last October).

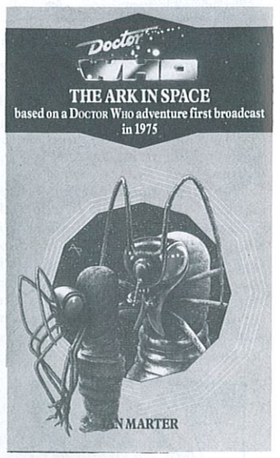
Nathan-Turner was recently sent Hartnell and Troughton tapes from which he will make his choice for the special releases coming out in June. It is interesting to note that, while producer of Doctor Who, he was afforded instant access to archive material, but in his new capacity has to go through the same rigorous and time-consuming clearing procedures as everyone else! Originally it was reported that the two tapes would comprise individual episodes from the Hartnell and Pertwee years, but this idea appears to have been dropped in favour of Hartnell and Troughton...

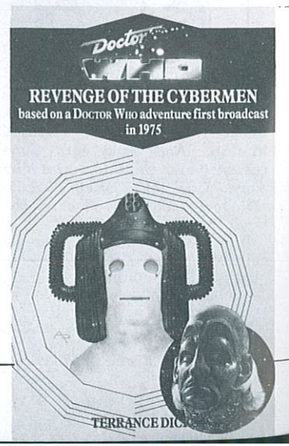
*CITY OF DEATH has been on the cards for release on video for many months now, and far from there being any contractual problems, the reason for its delay is that a copy was never originally sent to the British Board of Censors for classification!

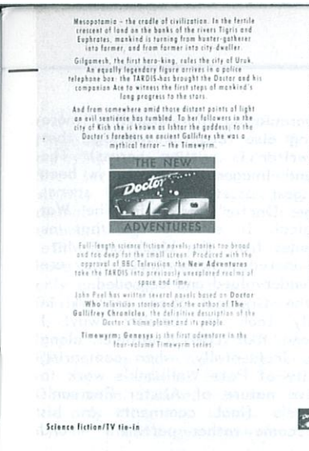
At last! Proof that JNT does not only mince words...he eats them too!

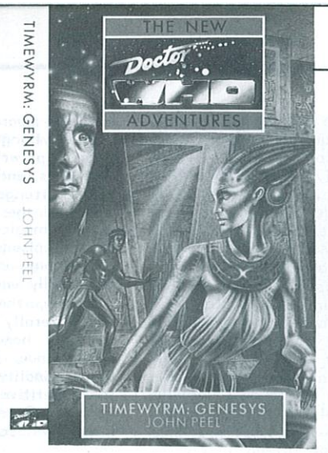


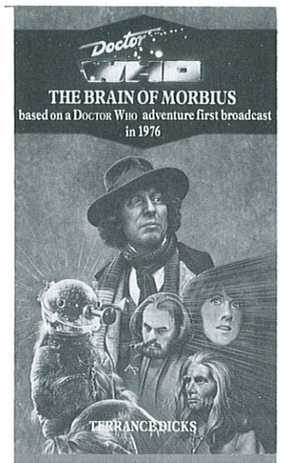


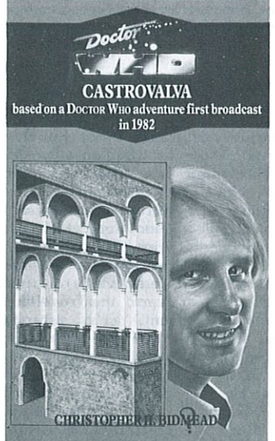


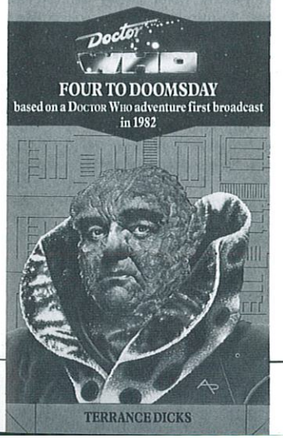



Mesopotamia - the cradle of civilization. In the fertile crescent of land on the banks of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, mankind is turning from hunter-gatherer into farmer, and from farmer into city dweller.
Gilgamesh, the first hero-king, rules the city of Uruk.
An equally legendary figure arrives in a police telephone box: the TARDIS has brought the Doctor and his companion Ace to witness the first steps of mankind's long progress to the stars.
And from somewhere amid those distant points of light an evil sentience has tumbled. To her followers in the city of Kish she is known as Ishtar the goddess; to the Doctor's forebears on ancient Gallifrey she was a mythical terror - the Timewyrm.
THE NEW Doctor Who ADVENTURES
Full-length science fiction novels; stories too broad and too deep for the small screen. Produced with the approval of B B C Television, the New Adventures take the TARDIS into previously unexplored realms of space and time.
John Peel has written several novels based on Doctor Who television stories and is the author of The Gallifrey Chronicles, the definitive description of the Doctor's home planet and its people.
Timewyrm: Genesys is the first adventure in the four-volume Timewyrm series.
Science fiction/TV tie-in









EVENTS

A NEW CONCEPT in conventions took place over the weekend of January 5-6th: an event with no guests, no video or dealers' room, or, indeed, any of the usual features that seasoned convention-goers might expect.

The Fan Olympiad was a wholly original and (forgive the pun) unconventional gathering. Eighty to ninety carefully selected WHO-fans were summoned to Bath for a weekend of silly games under the direction of fan/professional writer Paul Cornell. Nine teams competed for the Soft Eric Trophy (a green felt hat) in heats as diverse as 15 to 1, Family Fortunes and more imaginative contests such as act-out-the-title-sequence.

Prior to the event all attendees, and others canvassed by telephone, filled in a questionnaire, the results of which the Family Fortunes panel had to guess. For example 'The Ribos Operation' was elected best Graham Williams story, Mr Tickle the favourite Mister Man, Screaming the best Carry On film, and it was overwhelmingly decided that Laura Palmer was not murdered at all, but killed herself. Ha! Quite why 1990 was voted best year, however, I don't know, though it could be something to do with the fact that it was devoid of new WHO...

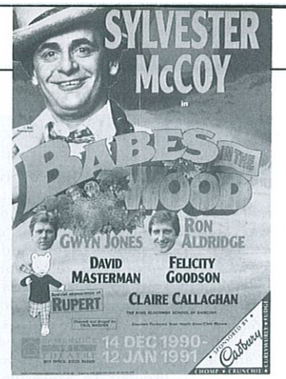
Another excellent game was Talk-about, wherein two members of a team had to talk, for about thirty seconds each, on a given topic, ranging from The Clangers to Black Adder, with points being awarded for the mention of specific keywords. The team allocated The Space Museum had no trouble finding the words 'boring' and 'tedious'.

The silliness level increased markedly over the course of the weekend, particularly as two leading teams clearly established themselves. The most viciously contested round of all was the second bout of (I kid you not) musical chairs, towards the end of which the Brown and White teams were bawling maniacally at each other across the Beau Nash room. Both of them must have been peeved that the eventual winners were the Stripey team.

The most refreshing aspect about this Olympiad was the breadth of knowledge that the attendees were able to demonstrate. All bar a couple were WHO fans, but the WHO-emphasis of the questions was very slight. Much general knowledge and current affairs knowledge was displayed (and almost no knowledge at all of The Prisoner), which is a definite one in the eye for those who think that we're a bunch of retarded introverts whose lives completely and utterly revolve around an obsolete television programme.

Services rendered awards go to the aforementioned Cornell, plus Steve O'Brien, Jamie Woolley, Brian Hudd and 'Ness'. A smashing event, which totally pulled the wool over the eyes both of the Hotel (we were not registered as a WHO convention) and its 'normal' guests, one of whom approached me in the bar and asked, tentatively, "Excuse me, are you all poets?"...

PETER LINFORD



"GIVE ME TWO PRONOUNS!" demands Nurse Devina, the pantomime dame.
"Who, me?" replies Sylvester McCoy, the misbehaving schoolboy.
"That'll do!" she replies.

Slap my thigh, it's the pantomime season, and never more so was this apparent than at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge during December and January. Sylvester McCoy appeared as 'the good robber' in a bizarre retelling of Babes in the Wood, which also incorporated appearances by Robin Hood, Rupert the Bear and more than a few references to Basil Brush, Doctor Who and The Archers.

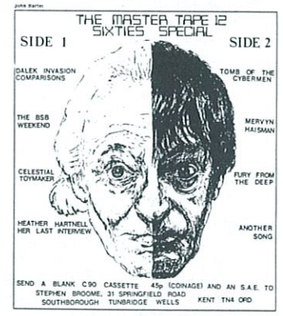
Despite the absence of McCoy's Doctor during 1990, he still appeared vaguely in costume (the season 24/25 jacket being original) and 'materialised' on stage to the sound of the original theme music on a 'cosmic trolley' bearing the number plate WHO 7.

A supporting cast of largely unknowns performed excellently, though rarely was one detracted from the impression that the production seemed a tailor-made vehicle for McCoy's well-suited talents. On this occasion these included spoon playing, conjuring, sausage juggling, bursting into song at every available opportunity and telling what has to be the most predictable knock-knock (who's there) joke possible under the circumstances.

McCoy's ability to ad-lib proved indispensible when the pantomime's traditional birthday boy turned out to be in the toilet when it came to Sylvester's turn to sing his praises. Not to be out-done he exclaimed, "If we sing loud enough he might be able to hear us - let's just hope we can't hear him!" Other minor mishaps included a spectacular prop failure during a hypnotism scene where the swinging pocket watch fell apart. A panicking Gwyn Jones was heard to mumble "The whole thing's in pieces", to which McCoy replied, "Much like this sketch!", laughing too much to continue.

All in all, a fine pantomime with excellent performances - especially from McCoy whose breathtaking energy was almost exhausting to watch. However, with the current lack of news regarding Doctor Who, one hopes there is no poignancy in his character stating, at one point, that his main objective is to look for another job...

MARCUS HEARN


THE MASTER TAPE 12
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SIDE 2
DALEK INVASION COMPARISONS
TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN
THE BSB WEEKEND
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SEND A BLANK C90 CASSETTE 45p (CDINAGE) AND AN S.A.E. TO STEPHEN BROOME, 31 SPRINGFIELD ROAD SOUTHBOROUGH TUNBRIDGE WELLS KENT TN4 0PD

JUST PUBLISHED

PROTEUS 3

· SOPHIE ALDRED INTERVIEW · THE MACROS: Ingrid Pitt's untelevised Colin Baker script · SEASON SEVENTEEN: overview part two including Radio Times coverage · SHADA: views from Douglas Adams and Pennant Roberts · WHOOPS: a humourous look at the programme's biggest mistakes · THE JNT YEARS · (£2.40 inc. p&p)

STILL AVAILABLE

PROTEUS 2

· IAN BRIGGS INTERVIEW · CURSE OF FENRIC: photos and location report · SEASON SEVENTEEN · WHO GOES THERE? locations guide · DOCTOR WHO - THE MOVIE · THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE · WHOOPS · (£2.40 inc. p&p)

Proteus (D2), 65 Carlton Avenue, Gillingham, Kent, ME7 2JX. Cheques/postal orders should be made payable to 'Proteus'.

B B C ENTERPRISES CANNOT BE SERIOUS!

David Houlgate, North Yorkshire (29-12-90)
WE ARE ALL AWARE that there are currently twenty different 'Doctor Who' videos available, most retailing at £9.99 but some at £19.99.

W.H.Allen have printed over 150 novels and there is, of course, DWM from Marvel. The programme is repeated all over the world and BSB recently devoted an entire **weekend** to the programme.

That's the past. What about the future? Further videos (one from the most recent season), more novels from W.H.Allen and DWM branching out with graphic novels, yearbooks and increased page count. Repeats will continue around the globe, and hopefully the newly merged BSkyB will soon be doing likewise in the UK. This is only the tip of the iceberg.

I therefore find it staggering that BBC Enterprises recently issued a statement that said "The property is an old one, it's had its day and is no longer commercially viable". Is James Arnold-Baker, who made the statement on Enterprises' behalf, being serious? The BBC is openly contemptuous of the programme and its fans. How else can you explain the above statement or, for that matter, the cover-up over the Day of Action?

There is a course of action that, as far as I know, has not been taken. Director General of the BBC, Michael Checkland, recently advocated a £100 licence fee. This at a time when more people are questioning the idea of the licence. Indeed, there is a large consensus of opinion amongst M.P.s that the licence fee be abolished altogether and the BBC finance itself through advertising, sponsorship and subscription (I am in no doubt that were the BBC a subscription service, **Doctor Who** would be on TV now). I believe there is a Parliamentary Television Select Committee (or the like) which is looking at the whole aspect of television (i.e. satellite, ITV franchises and BBC funding). I urge **Doctor Who** fans everywhere to write to this select committee explaining the situation as to why the BBC fails to produce a programme which **makes** it money.

PS: I can't fathom out Roger Hancock. He vetos the four Dalek books which his client would have received a payment for (despite having nothing to do with these stories). I wonder if Terry Nation knows. Secondly, I can't understand the thinking of Peter Darvill-Evans concerning the six "missing" novels. All six are eagerly-awaited and, should they ever become available, would surely be **Doctor Who** bestsellers.

AT HOME WITH THE HANCOCKS
EXCUSE ME MRS HANCOCK, WOULD YOU MIND NOT USING THE PEPPERPOT WITHOUT OBTAINING MY PRIOR PERMISSION?
NOW ON BBC1, VINTAGE COMEDY
HANCOCK'S HALF-WITTED

ENTRY VOUCHERS "FAIREST WAY"

Andy Grant, Managing Director, Metro Music International (24-12-90)
I noted your article in DWB#85 entitled 'Fleecing the Fans' and feel that certain points raised in the aforesaid require either correction or clarification:

1) Neither Marvel Comics or Ourselves were directly involved in the organisation of Stateside Comics' event. We were both approached to provide merchandise and signees (in our case Keff McCulloch, Dominic Glynn and Mark Ayres) for the event and all merchandise supplied was sold to Stateside at discounted trade rates (no goods were sold directly). I agree that the advertisements could have caused confusion as to who was organising the event and this point has already been brought to Stateside's atention by ourselves.

2) The 'entry voucher' system was actually suggested by myself (although Stateside set the £5 figure) because of previous problems at signings where fans attend purely to obtain autographs or merchandise that they have purchased previously. As these signings are expensive to stage with the major Actor/Actresses commanding daily fees of up to £1000, the 'entry voucher' system with vouchers redeemable against new merchandise seems the fairest way to ensure that each attendee purchases an item of merchandise and allows the event to recoup some of its costs. We will be publicly launching the Xenon Records release 'Abslom Daak - Dalek Killer' together with our new spring 1991 releases on March 2nd at London's Cafe Munchen with Colin Baker, Sophie Aldred, John Nathan-Turner, Mark, Keff, Dominic and Abslom Daak himself in attendance to sign autographs. A £1 entry fee will be charged on the door. What is £1 compared to the £15-30 that you could pay to attend a convention to obtain the same autographs? Please remember that companies such as Marvel, Stateside, Mediaband and Ourselves are commercial operations, not Fan organisations or charities, so if such events continually sustain losses, they cease to become viable and therefore will no longer take place and such opportunities to meet people from the series and obtain their autographs will be lost.

3) I disagree that products such as our 'Myths and Other Legends', Xenon's 'Abslom Daak' and Mediaband's photographs have "little or no relevance to the programme". Whilst some of the current merchandise available is based on **Doctor Who** personalities or spin-offs rather than on the series directly, none of it would exist if **Doctor Who** had not existed first and, although some of it may only have a limited appeal (we doubt, for instance, that sales of Myths and Other Legends will ever cover its production costs in real terms), it serves a valuable purpose in keeping the programme's profile higher at a time when, as we all know, it is under threat of being quietly forgotten.

CONSIDERABLE COUP

Anthony Malone, Surrey (27-12-90)
Many thanks for the excellent DWB#85. **The Moonbase** Photonovel was a considerable coup, and once more brought home the magic of the Troughton era.

Having recently bought copies of **The Web Planet** and **Dalek Invasion of Earth**, I find it hard to empathise with those who find that the majority of stories released on video from the black-and-white era are substandard and long-winded. I heartily agree with Andrew Pixley's comments, that to gain full appreciation of these classic stories the episodes should be watched with the techniques, resources and contemporary programmes of the show in mind. I would like to add that, surely part of being a fan of the programme involves appreciating the storyline more than anything else (i.e. the **message** that the script-writer is putting across). The storylines and imagery have always been **Who**'s strongest asset and I find scenes such as the Doctor's trial in **The War Games** magical. It saddens me that as classic episodes from the black and white era become increasingly available, they are continually undervalued and degraded.

Finally, the **Greatest Show** artwork in #85 literally took my breath away! I sincerely hope that DWB continues along this avenue. Incidentally, when comparing the originality of Pete Wallbank's work to the repetitive nature of Alister Pearson's efforts, Pete's final comments in his interview become rather pertinent - and far more agreeable than Alister's letter in DWB#81! As ever, DWB provides the only source of intelligent, adult **Who**-related literature. Long may it continue to do so.

Guy Wainer, Bath (1-1-91)
Congratulations on the **Moonbase** Photo-novel, a great publication. It's good to see DWB being the first to publish such a discovery. This is why you are the front-runner for all magazines, both fan and commercial, and why I continue to buy it each month. I seriously believe that, without DWB, fandom would still be stuck in its dependence on the DWAS!!
ED: God forbid!

CONTINUITY AND 'STTNG'

Bryan Jennet, Calgary, Canada (20-11-90)
After viewing the first eight episodes of Season 4 of **Star Trek: The Next Generation,** I would like to share a few observations about it. First, this is looking like the best season yet, in many areas. The scripts are better written than before, the focus on personal history is intriguing and provocative, and Patrick Stewart keeps getting better and better. However, certain problems are also manifesting which, I feel, has undermined some of these break-throughs.

Many people complained that John Nathan-Turner's last few years as **Doctor Who**'s producer featured unnecessary and tedious continuity references that no one but the most ardent of fans would appreciate. This same trend has developed of late in **The Next Generation.**

It really began with **Yesterday's Enterprise** , with Tasha Yar, dead and forgotten for two years, suddenly present with no reintroduction or explanation for casual viewers. This has carried over to this season, with Dr. Soong, Lore, the Traveller, Worf's mate, and even Yar's sister(!) coming back, simply for fan pleasure. Dr. Soong's rôle in **Brothers** was necessary, but his significance is lost to anyone but bona fide Trekkies. He was given some prelude, but in a context filled with references to an episode even I can't recall. Lore returned, simply to give Brent Spiner a third character to play. In **Remember Me,** the Traveller just pops in out of thin air. This boring non-entity again served no purpose other than to counsel Wesley, and I know people who became confused by his presence. As for Yar's sister, the story **Legacy** was structured around her, but why did she have to have anything to do with Yar, now dead three years? Denise Crosby left the rôle complaining it had little substance. If that is so, **why** redress the balance now, three seasons later? All these Yar flashbacks seemed contrived, for Trekkie approval only.

However, Patrick Stewart, Jonathan Frakes, Brent Spiner and Michael Dorn are all superb, as are their characters. Geordie and Dr. Crusher are also very good. However, Marina Sirtis and the irritating, annoying and pointless Troi must go **now!** She serves the same function as the slightly more interesting Guinan, and Sirtis' dismal performance is unacceptable and embarrassing.

In all, though, the first eight episodes have produced seven of excellence and only one dodo, that being **Future Imperfect.** British fans have a lot to look forward to!

Stephen Loring, Kent (29-12-90)
Please keep up, or increase, your coverage of the excellent **Star Trek: The Next Generation.** I absolutely love this series - the only thing that annoys me is the time it's on! I don't get home from work until about 6.15pm so I have to video it or miss the beginning - another example of the BBC's uncaring attitude to science fiction fans.

I was lucky enough to see several 2nd and 3rd season episodes in the States this summer, including the excellent **Yesterday's Enterprise,** and it was encouraging to see the series gets better as it gets older, unlike the original which deteriorated badly towards its (merciful) end.

I'm not, however, impressed with Marvel's **STTNG** comic reprints, comprising US D.C. Comics' version and the Starlog **STTNG** magazine's mission reports - surely they can do better than **this**!? Something like DWM would be more appropriate.

Fortunately, there's little need for improvement with DWB - just keep doing what you're doing and you'll have one happy reader at least!

WHAT WILL BECOME OF U.S. FANDOM?

David Weides, Minnesota, USA (17-12-90)
Lionheart has decided that the future of **Doctor Who** in the US means cable (a rather logical next step many would agree), but the bad news for Lionheart and fans alike is that, while there are many fledgling cable channels either in development and just launched in the US, the truth is that the era of cable expansion has passed. Many local cable systems have as many channels as their delivery systems will allow, and aren't excited about new projects (such as the Sci-Fi Channel) looming on the horizon. Add to that what many feel is price-gouging by a legally-sanctioned monopoly to the extent that the industry is on the verge of becoming re-regulated by Congress, and you have an uneasy situation to say the least. It's unlikely many people at all will be able to see the Sci-Fi Channel for about the first year **after** it's launched this spring. While this may mean that some people whose PBS stations do not or will not carry **Doctor Who** will be able to see the show again, in the end the available audience for **Doctor Who** in the US will continue to shrink as contracts with more readily available PBS outlets expire in 1992.

Here in Minnesota, whereas we used to see two **complete stories** a week, we are now down to two **episodes** a week, broadcast back-to-back as episodes on Sunday afternoons. There's a certain novelty in seeing the show the way all you have had to for years, but I must confess I find watching **Doctor Who** in episodic form after years of seeing it in 'movie' format extremely frustrating. The cliffhangers do work, but even these two episodes a week will be gone in the coming year.

What will become of American fandom then?
ED: Jay Badenhoop gives his annual report on the British telefantasy climate Stateside...

AMERICA'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE, EITHER

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of press here in America as well as in the UK praising the forthcoming Sci-Fi Channel as "24 hours of science fiction" etc. including original science fiction and science fact programmes and reruns of science fiction shows like 'My Favourite Martian' and 'Doctor Who'.

To the Britisn reader, this probably sounds like the Americans have it made. They already get unending repeats of **Doctor Who** on their local public television (PBS) station and runs of many other series on both regular and cable channels, and now they get even more.

The real situation is not as rosy as that. Firstly, as I reported a year ago, while funds to public television continue to drop, Lionheart - the BBC-owned US distributor of BBC-produced shows - continues to raise the price on all their programmes, especially **Doctor Who.** Several major cities - Boston, New York City, Witchita, Kansas, Tulsa and Oklahoma City (Oklahoma), Louisville, Kentucky and Champaign (Illinois) - have all cancelled **Doctor Who.** Miami, Florida went so far as to beg for money during one of their "pledge drives", then cancel the show the week after - quite a dirty trick! Some of these cities have replaced it with **Blake's 7,** but others have been turned off from British programmes (except British mysteries and dramas repackaged as PBS series) altogether.

Lionheart also keeps three copies of every episode of **Doctor Who:** one version with all episodes of each story edited together as a "movie"; one version uncut for public television stations who show it weekdays episodically (like my local station in Milwaukee, Wisconsin); and one version for commercial stations cut down to a uniform 23 minutes, 20-40 seconds (including credits and, sometimes, a corny introduction by Howard Da Silva) with three ten-second black spaces where the adverts should be inserted. About a third of the time, Lionheart sends the wrong version and refuses to send the right one unless the station pays the postage, and often it is too late to send the right one anyway. Thus, we say **City of Death** with almost half of the Paris exterior scenes hacked out. **Brain of Morbius** episode 1 has never been shown here uncut and with background music. And often local PBS stations, who rely on meager funds, have old or inferior equipment and more poorly-trained engineers running the machines, so the programmes have glitches and rolling of the picture that annoys viewers. That is if they air the **right** episode!

As for the 26th season of **Doctor Who,** Lionheart started to market it in March 1990 to PBS stations with their usual scam of only syndicating it with a run of Tom Baker, even if the station had paid for it three times already with runs of Hartnell/Troughton, Davison and Colin Baker episodes. Then, when Lionheart saw that a 27th season would be delayed, possibly indefinitely, they not only withdrew the 26th season from release, but **demanded** that the three PBS stations who had already signed contracts - Houston, Texas, New Jersey Network and another - return the episodes! They refused, unless Lionheart returned the money they had paid. Lionheart decided to keep the money, and so these three stations are the only ones to have shown Season 26 to date. I understand that the national PBS organisation has begun buying programmes like **Star Cops** and **Red Dwarf** from the BBC itself, then brokering out the programmes to PBS stations as part of an "alternative entertainment" package, thus making one larger payment rather than local stations making many payments almost as big. They also buy ITV (Granada, LWT, TVS, Central, etc.) programmes this way.

Secondly, cable TV here in the States is very different from that in Britain. There, from what I read in DWB, cable TV is mainly satellite TV which is nationwide. Everyone in Britain sees the same channels. In America, not only every state, every city, but every municipality of every city has their own cable franchise, each of which can choose which channels are on their system. The cable company has total monopoly within that municipality, so the viewer can't choose between companies and can't choose which out-of-city local stations, or which cable-only channels, the company carries. The Sci-Fi Channel may only be seen on a fraction of the total cable systems in the country. Monopoly also means that cable rates have sky-rocketed more than 30% in the last two years. For this increase in price, we were rewarded with five or six call-in home shopping channels. Arrrgh!

Last year American viewers were further socked with the Cable Exclusivity Act of 1990. This federal law allows local stations to demand that cable companies block, or "black out", **any series or film,** on non-local channels that the local station owns the rights to show, even if they are not currently showing it. The theory is that viewers will be forced to watch the local airing and ratings will go up. Since most science fiction programmes, including **Star Trek, Twilight Zone, Outer Limits, The Prisoner** and lesser efforts like **Battlestar Galactica** are syndicated locally, that mean that most of the series on the Sci-Fi Channel will be blocked. Viewers will tune in most times of the day and get the message "Sorry, due to cable exclusivity regulations, we are required to block this programme..."

Most public TV stations have signed agreements not to block each other, so **Doctor Who, Blake's 7,** etc. can be received on more than one channel, but these agreements do not include pure cable stations like Sci-Fi, so **Doctor Who** would be blocked unless the local PBS station cancels the show. Thus, Lionheart hopes to recoup its losses from local stations dropping its programmes by charging cable stations (Sci-Fi for science fiction and Arts & Entertainment for British comedy and drama) even bigger bucks.

It seems that every time Congress enacts a law concerning cable TV, the viewers lose out. Channels are dropped, programmes are blocked or dropped to avoid being blocked, and prices go up. Repeats are still more common than Britain, but life is not a bowl of cherries here, either. The only winners are those who can see shows sent directly from England and those few who manage to tape the whole run of existing complete **Doctor Who** before their PBS station cancels it.

STAR TREK
THE NEXT GENERATION
Season 4, Part 1

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER — GENE RODDENBERRY; EXECUTIVE PRODUCER — RICK BERMAN; EXECUTIVE PRODUCER — MICHAEL PILLER; PRODUCER — DAVID LIVINGSTON; PRODUCER — LEE SHELDON; CO-PRODUCER — PETER LAURITSON; ASSOCIATE PRODUCER — WENDY NEUSS; EXECUTIVE STORY EDITOR — RONALD D. MOORE; EXECUTIVE STORY EDITOR — JOE MENOSKY; JERI TAYLOR IS SUPERVISING PRODUCER FROM EPISODE 2

1) THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS (PART 2)
29TH SEPTEMBER 1990

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL PILLER; DIRECTED BY CLIFF BOLE; MUSIC BY RON JONES; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR ROBERT LEGATO

Although a mere three months had passed since the broadcast of Part 1's cliffhanger ending, anticipation ran very high for the resolution of the story which had left the Enterprise poised to fire upon the Borg — now led by an 'altered' Jean-Luc Picard or "Locutus of Borg". Michael Piller has acknowledge that he originally intended for Part 1 to be a Picard story, then found that the focal point went more in the direction of Riker as he progressed. Oddly enough, he also ended Part 1 without having any idea where the story would go from there. This may account for the rather unsatisfactory feel of Part 2, which never settles on a coherent focus for its too rapid resolution of at least this chapter of the Borg saga. The struggle for supremacy between Riker and Shelby is still important, and Riker's reluctance to actually take Picard's place is a central plot point, but far too much else is packed into this episode, leaving many unanswered questions. The most crucial of these are the impact of the whole experience on Picard and the actual extent of the damage inflicted on Starfleet by the one Borg ship that has thus far confronted the Federation.

To no one's surprise the weapon which Riker ordered Worf to fire at the Borg ship at the end of Part 1 has no effect. Shelby says it is impossible for the Borg to have adapted to the beam so quickly, but Locutus informs them that the knowledge and experience of the human called Picard is now part of the Borg, so they were prepared for the attack. The massive amounts of power needed to operate the beam has, however, damaged the warp engines, leaving the Enterprise unable to follow the Borg when they depart once again on a course for Earth. Admiral Hanson assembles an armada to intercept them and tells Riker he is giving him field promotion to captain — signalling the end of hopes that Picard might be rescued. The Enterprise is to rejoin the fray as soon as possible. The ever-tactful Shelby observes that the Borg have a sizeable advantage now that they "have the assistance of Captain Picard". Hanson explodes, recalling his long friendship with Picard and concluding with the observation that there is no way in hell that Picard would "assist" the Borg. The captain is to be considered a casualty of war, a loss keenly felt on the Enterprise. Riker assembles the bridge crew and tells them that he can take over for Picard but there is no way that he can ever replace him. He knows that their task has become much harder as they must now not only fight the Borg but also the life experience that they have stolen from the Captain. None of the suggestions offered on how to counter the Borg seem capable of solving the immediate crisis. Dr Crusher and Data are hopeful that it could be possible to develop a destructive breed of nanites (microscopic machines turned into living organisms in EVOLUTION) to infect the Borg, but this would take weeks to create.

Once the Enterprise is under way again, Riker must choose a first officer and reluctantly concludes that Shelby is the logical choice at this moment because of her experience on the Borg. He tells the others that he needs them now where Captain Picard placed them. Hanson's final communication indicates that the Borg have engaged the fleet and that the battle is not going well for the Federation. He is trying to pull out and regroup when the transmissions are lost. The Enterprise arrives at the battle co-ordinates to find only the shattered wreckage of a number of Starfleet vessels, including the Melbourne, the ship that Riker had just been offered as his own command. There is a sombre meeting in the conference room as the crew try to find some hope that they can still stop the Borg. Riker says that he is sure that Picard would have something meaningful and inspirational to say right now — and he would like to hear it.

Riker goes to the captain's Ready Room, but he can't bring himself to sit in the chair. At this delicate juncture the enigmatic Guinan appears, announcing that she would like to talk with him and sits in Picard's chair. She is disturbed because she has heard the crew talking in the lounge and knows that they expect to die. Riker knows only too well why they feel that way, but Guinan insists that there is something he can do, but it is something he does not want to do. He must let go of Picard. Guinan says that her relationship with the captain is beyond friendship, beyond family, and she *will* let him go because it is the only way to beat him. And the only way to save him.

Riker hits upon two ideas — that he must use Picard's knowledge against him and that if the Borg know everything Picard knew, perhaps the reverse is true as well. He decides to use Shelby's previously rejected plan to confuse the Borg by separating the saucer section, which Picard knew about, as a ploy for getting a shuttlecraft through the Borg defences to carry Worf and Data on a desperate attempt to kidnap "Locutus". The altered Picard is retrieved, but Dr Crusher finds the implants impossible to remove as long as a complex web of interactive subspace signals continues to emanate from the Borg ship. Meanwhile the microprocessors of the implants are deeply interwoven with the human tissue and are rewriting the DNA. Locutus tells Riker that Picard would never have approved of risking so much to rescue one man and that he will journey on with them on the Enterprise while the Borg ship continues without further interruption to Earth to begin the assimilation of humanity.

Data decides that the subspace signals are in effect the Borg collective consciousness and that he must try to achieve a cybernetic connection to the neural net pathways by linking his positronic brain to them through Picard's implants. When he finally penetrates the deepest level of the network the doctor notes increased activity in Picard's brain. Troi says that the captain is there, but unable to communicate around the implants. Data tries to send various commands, such as one to disarm weapons, into the Borg network, but he finds that all critical sub-commands are protected and he cannot break through. Riker tells a stricken-looking Wesley Crusher to prepare to ram the Borg ship at warp speed as their final effort to stop them, but Picard is able to communicate to Data one command that is so low level that it is not protected — Data tells the Borg to go into regeneration mode, that is, to sleep. The Borg ship enters a self-destruct mode and Riker refuses to try to disarm the process over the objections of Shelby. He believes that the danger of keeping the ship intact is not worth the information that might be gained from it.

When the ship is destroyed Picard is restored and Dr Crusher says that she can now easily remove the implants. He assures the crew that he feels almost human, but he also remembers everything that happened. Later in his room as he stares out of the porthole at Earth it is clear that the memories are not pleasant.

Among the many loose ends left by this episode is the question of how much of Starfleet was destroyed. Shelby is put in charge of getting the fleet back up to strength so it is quite possible that she will return again. Riker is not inclined to discuss his future plans, but she notes that he should have his choice of any command he wants. No one knows if or when another Borg ship might appear, as the Federation does not even know how many Borg exist. The greatest question mark is how much effect the whole experience is going to have on Picard, and it is a little surprising that Starfleet does not seem to question the wisdom of giving him immediate command of the Enterprise again.

Elizabeth Dennehy (actor Brian Dennehy's daughter) reprises her role as Shelby and George Murdock (who was 'God' in Star Trek V) returns as her mentor Admiral Hanson. There is no indication whether or not Hanson survived the battle with the Borg. Over $2 million was spent on this one episode, which garnered spectacular ratings in several large cities over syndication. Rumours that Brent Spiner appears in some scenes as a Borg are not true. The amount of time he would need in make-up to be both Data and a Borg prevented any such experiment. Handling Patrick Stewart's make-up was complicated enough. Picard undergoes further implants in the course of the story as well as taking on an unhealthy pallor as his DNA alters. In a story which is not notable for great dialogue, some of the best moments occur when Locutus returns to the Enterprise. He assures Worf that he only wants to improve his quality of life and calls Data a primitive artificial organism that will be obsolete in the new order.

2) FAMILY
6TH OCTOBER 1990

WRITTEN BY RONALD D. MOORE; DIRECTED BY LES LANDAU; BASED IN PART ON A PREMISE BY SUSANNE LAMBDIN & BRYAN STEWART; MUSIC BY DENNIS MCCARTHY; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAN CURRY

The real theme for this season is not the Borg peril but the complexities of familial relationships. For that reason this episode is more of a true season opener than the previous one, although they are linked by Picard's need to come to terms with what has happened to him.

The Enterprise is orbiting Earth in space dock, undergoing repairs after the engagement with the Borg. In a sense, so is Picard. Whilst he looks normal, Troi is hovering about with obvious concern as he packs for a trip to Earth. He has decided to visit his home in France for the first time in nearly 20 years and the counsellor persistently probes for the reasons behind a decision which seems so uncharacteristic of Picard. He is uncomfortable with her questioning and insists that he merely needs some time to himself. More tellingly, he says that her assistance has been invaluable during his recovery but he is better now — the injuries are healing, "the nightmares have ended". She gives him a parting kiss and says that he cannot recover so quickly from such an ordeal.

Worf is also about to be confronted by family, but unexpectedly. He learns that his adoptive parents are coming on board for a visit while the ship is in dock and is immediately nervous about the prospect. Surprisingly enough his parents turn out to be Elena and Sergi Roshenko, quite ethnic, quite irrepressible, and terribly proud of their son, much to his embarrassment. While they exude hearty good cheer and mortify him in front of O'Brien and Geordi, it becomes apparent that there is some anxiety lurking beneath the surface that accounts for their visit. They are left in the charge of the ship's unofficial counsellor, Guinan, and she discovers that they have come because they know about Worf's disgrace in they eyes of the Klingon Empire. Fearing that he never really felt at home on Earth, they worry that this blow would be too much for him to bear. Guinan assures them that when Worf thinks of home he looks not to the Empire but to them.

Picard's journey takes him to the vineyards of his family home where he meets for the first time his nephew and his elder brother's wife, Marie. His nephew Rene reveals that his father says that Jean-Luc is arrogant and more besides. It is actually Marie who has corresponded with Jean-Luc over the years and kept him in touch with the family, not Robert. There is an old dispute between the brothers as Robert followed their father's wishes in observing tradition and maintaining the ancient wine-making practices he held dear, while Jean-Luc was rebellious and set on a different path. The antagonism flares over dinner when Rene talks enthusiastically about his dream of joining Starfleet one day and Marie chides Robert for not allowing her the convenience of having a replicator in the house instead of having to cook the old way. Robert is also appalled by the idea of synthehol and assures Jean-Luc that he is ruining his palate. But beneath these familiar antagonisms and Robert's scathing comments on the heroic captain's pretended modesty, the elder Picard begins to sense that there is something not right with Jean-Luc and he gets no satisfactory response to his questioning about why he has come back.

Robert is surprised to discover that Picard is seemingly willing to seriously consider a proposal from his childhood friend Louis that he take over control of a project to raise the sea floor, and in so doing leave Starfleet. Indeed, Jean-Luc himself is surprised to find that he is willing to consider it. When Robert finds Jean-Luc drinking alone later he warns him that he is not used to the real thing — and adds that he would like to see the gallant captain out of control. When he demands again to know what happened to Jean-Luc, his brother says he already knows. Robert says he does not know the details and that "I always thought you needed a little humiliation, or was it humility?"

As Robert continues to goad him, Jean-Luc goes out into the vineyards but Robert only follows him and the argument turns more intense. Robert vents his anger over how his brother broke every rule their father laid down and got away with it while he, as the elder brother, had to be responsible, that it was his job to look after him. Has Jean-Luc come back so Robert can look after him again? When Jean-Luc says Robert was a bully his brother only sneers that he enjoyed bullying him and a fight ensues until they are both covered in mud from the irrigation channel and fall over with laughter. But when Robert says that Jean-Luc has been terribly hard on himself, Picard's laughter turns to tears and he finally reveals something of what tortures him — "They took everything I was and used me to kill and to destroy and I couldn't stop them. I should have been able to stop them." In his own mind he failed because "I wasn't strong enough, I wasn't good enough." Robert is only able to tell him that this will be with him for a long time and he will have to learn to live with it, whether under the sea with Louis or above the clouds on the Enterprise.

Marie is quite stunned to come home and find the normally distant brothers muddying up her parlour while singing a drinking song over a bottle of the family's best vintage. However, the captain soon takes his leave and emerges from the old family home attired for the first time during the entire episode in his familiar uniform, signalling his decision to remain with Starfleet. His brother gives him a parting gift of a bottle of wine and tells him to try not to drink it alone.

Wesley also has a encounter with his family. His mother takes some things out of storage on Earth and recovers a forgotten message Jack Crusher had recorded for his son when he was just a few weeks old — it was to be the first of many that never got made because of his father's death on a mission with Picard. Wesley takes the message to the Holodeck and gets a chance to know his father a little better.

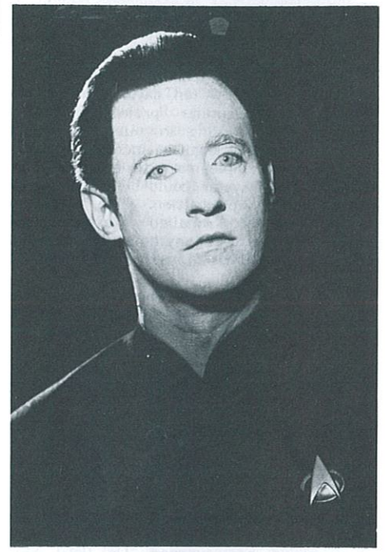
This is a beautifully written episode with memorable performances from an unusually large cast of well-known guest actors. Jeremy Kemp is Robert Picard, Samantha Eggar is Marie, and Theodore Bickel and Georgia Brown are Worf's overwhelming parents. The music written for this episode is also quite effective and different from the usual scores. The rare location shooting of the Picard family vineyard was actually done in the semi-arid regions east of Los Angeles, with excellent matte work substituting scenery typical of the South of France for the desert. The fact that Robert is such a committed traditionalist allowed the use of an ordinary old country home for the Picards' 24th century estate. There had been no previous mention of anyone else in Picard's family except his mother in WHERE NO ONE HAS GONE BEFORE, and no indication that they were winemakers. Careful listeners will detect a cast joke when Picard tells Troi that his home village is Lavar (as in Burton). And thanks to Sergi we finally learn O'Brien's full name — Edward Miles.

3) BROTHERS
13TH OCTOBER 1990

WRITTEN BY RICK BERMAN; DIRECTED BY ROB BOWMAN; MUSIC BY RON JONES; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR ROBERT LEGATO

Executive producer Rick Berman offers up another — and most unexpected — family reunion in this, his first script of any sort. Brent Spiner gets a chance to play three roles as Data unexpectedly meets two beings he thought dead.

A medical emergency has been created by a childish prank on the Enterprise. One brother rigged up a device to convince his younger brother that he had actually killed him while playing a game akin to laser tag. The stricken boy ingests a parasite that will be fatal if he is not taken to a starbase facility within 48 hours. This does not present a great problem — until Data suddenly stops a conversation and returns to the bridge without a word. He sits at his console and changes course, going at warp 9.3 to an unknown destination. His strange behaviour is about to be uncovered when the computer announces that life support



systems are failing on the bridge and everyone must evacuate. Everyone leaves except Data, who close down access to the bridge and transfers all control functions to himself, partly by imitating Picard's voice to override security procedures. He also disables subspace communications.

Picard tries to regain control by separating the saucer section but Data stops the attempt. Efforts to bar his access to the transporters also fail and the android leaves the ship stranded in orbit around an unknown planet after setting a security code that only he can use to gain access to the ship's functions. Data arrives at a hut on a planet covered by dense jungle to be greeted by an elderly man. This person deactivates Data's communicator and then makes an adjustment that restores Data to normal operation. He has no idea how he got to his present location and is stunned when the man tells him that he sent for him. His is considerably more surprised when he is told that he is face to face with his creator, Dr Soong, who had been presumed killed by an alien being along with all of the other colonists living on the planet where Data was found over 25 years ago (as explained in DATALORE). Dr Soong is nothing if not flippant and dismisses Data's astonishment with the explanation that he never felt comfortable living anywhere without a prearranged mode of escape.

While Data is coming to terms with his "father" the Enterprise crew has managed to regain access to the bridge, but find that it does them no good without the security code. If a way is not quickly found to resume the trip to the starbase the young boy will die, so Picard instructs Geordi to focus all efforts on finding some way of of using Data's imprint stored in the transporter to fool the system into allowing someone else to beam down to the surface and try to make sense of what is happening. The Enterprise detects a small vessel entering orbit around the planet but there is no sign of life on board.

Soong is having a great time asking Data to perform functions that his critics said he would never be able to accomplish — although he is a bit disappointed by his creation's lack of talent as a whistler (a reference back to FARPOINT). Soong says that he has become quite famous, but he is a bit unhappy that he chose Starfleet rather than becoming a scientist like himself. Data cannot resist asking Soong the difficult question of why he was created. He does not answer directly but suggests that it is like asking why a painter paints. But ultimately he makes reference to the idea that humans have children to give themselves a sense of immortality.

Soong is as surprised as Data to suddenly be joined by his other "child", the android named Lore who was created first and then deactivated. Soong thought Lore was still disassembled as he had left him on the colony planet, not knowing that the Enterprise found him there and reactivated him. Lore had claimed to have been more perfect than Data, having emotions and greater ability to act in a human fashion. He said this made the colonists jealous and they had demanded that Soong make a different android. But Lore's emotions are twisted and unstable. He had joined forces with the being that killed the colonists and tried to do the same thing to the Enterprise after deactivating Data and taking his place. Data thought he had been destroyed by being beamed into deep space.

Lore has answered the same homing beacon that drew Data to Soong, but Data warns the scientist not to reactivate his "brother". Soong says Lore always obeyed him and cannot resist talking to his other son. Lore is bitter over his fate, first disassembled by his creator and then set adrift in space before having a fortunate encounter with the scavenging race known as the Packleds (a species seen in SAMARITAN SNARE). Soong insists that he would have sent for Lore if he had known he was activated but the android is ready to leave him until Soong admits that the reason he sent for Data in the first place is because he is dying. Lore is immediately upset, though still angry at being disassembled. As Soong tries to justify what he did, Data experiences a sudden revelation that he is not less perfect than Lore, that it was all a lie. Soong insists that Lore means as much to him as Data but he was unstable and the next logical move had been to construct another android and afterwards get back to Lore.

He has been working for years to give Data what he lacked, basic emotions, and now has the chip that will give him his feelings. Before he installs it he says he must rest and leaves the two brothers together. When he awakes he discovers Lore has gone, and installs the chip in Data — only to learn, of course, that Lore has again deactivated his brother and taken his place. Soong warns him that this cannot work — the chip was made for Data's circuits and cannot function properly in Lore. But Lore taunts him for being unable to tell his boys apart and callously flings the old man across the lab. Lore then leaves the planet with Data's chip. When an away team succeeds in beaming down from the ship they reactivate Data. It is imperative to start the trip to the starbase and Soong must restore Data's memory of what he did to the Enterprise. He is dying and refuses to beam up to sick-bay, but tells Data to go with his friends. Data points out to his father that he cannot grieve for him but Soong says that he will in his own way. The ship arrives at the starbase just in time to save the dying boy. When Data observes that the brothers have reconciled their differences, Dr Crusher tells him that brothers forgive.

Aside from the novelty of Brent Spiner being able to break out of the constrictions of doing Data and play not only Lore and Soong as well, this script has little to recommend it. Soong seems to be an oversized Yoda who never gets around to dispensing wisdom. The greatest weakness is the ease with which Lore not only fooled Soong, but somehow once again gets the drop on Data, who is fully alert to the danger Lore poses. Now that Lore has been resurrected there is the prospect of future encounters with the added element of Data's pursuit of his elusive emotions. This scenario is not pleasing to all Data fans. One plot line that was pursued particularly in the second season treated Data as a unique and complete entity who was discovering what kinds of feelings were appropriate to him. In the third season Data was more often portrayed as lacking emotions, in effect as a flawed human being rather than a separate life form. It is also curious that Data makes no effort to get vital information from Soong concerning the secrets of his positronic brain — the one stumbling block that prevented Data from keeping his own android "child" alive in THE OFFSPRING.

KATHLEEN TOTH

JOURNEY TO THE OUTER LIMITS

DO NOT ADJUST YOUR PICTURE... THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR TELEVISION SET...WE HAVE CONTROL...

Brian J. Robb ventures to The Outer Limits

Fondly remembered, though little seen in this country, the classic American SF anthology series **The Outer Limits** is undergoing something of a revival. Not only has it been screened every Sunday night on BSB's Galaxy Channel (just before an episode of Hartnell's **Doctor Who**) and survived the transition to BSkyB, but MGM/UA are preparing to release the entire 49 episodes on video in this country, following a release pattern similar to that of the original **Star Trek.**

But what of the series? Broadcast in the United States between 1963 and 1965, **The Outer Limits** brought the popular '50s SF film to the small screen, expertly condensed into a fifty-minute package of scientific excitement and laced with more than a healthy dose of bug-eyed monsters and creatures from beyond. The show premièred in the UK in 1964 on ITV, although not all 49 episodes were screened. The first full screening of the series took place in 1980-81 on BBC2 in a late night slot. Other than those times, **The Outer Limits** has been unjustly neglected in the UK as it really is a gem.

The series' format was simple, but very imaginative. Following a teaser (usually a particularly exciting clip from later in the episode, with a glimpse of that week's featured monster), the titles began with a mysterious, resonant voice-over claiming to have hijacked your television set. This was a broadcast from outer space, and for the next hour you'd be let into the mysteries of science or the universe.

The ideas for the stories, shot in a very straightforward, almost documentary, black and white, were taken from the news headlines and scientific speculation of the day, although, as the series progressed, they did get more and more outlandish. An idea like the possibility of speeding up the process of evolution to create a superhuman was used as a basis for one of the earliest episodes, The Sixth Finger, starring David

McCallum as an uneducated miner who is the subject of an experiment, doomed (as they usually were) to go drastically wrong. More often than not, the people involved in these scientific investigations had perished by the episode's end, a warning to all that there are things out there that man was not intended to tamper with.

This was all formula stuff, but **The Outer Limits** played it straight, milking each premise for all the drama it was worth and turning what sometimes appeared to be a camp monster-of-the-week show into an often thought-provoking meditation on the nature of man and science.

The brains behind **The Outer Limits** were those of TV professional Leslie Stevens and psycho scripter Joseph Stefano. Stevano began his career when he joined Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre Group at just 15 years of age. Through a series of mildly successful Broadway productions, Stevens found himself scripting for a variety of TV shows, mainly the Playhouse Theatre-type anthology programmes of the '50s. In 1959, Stevens formed his own production company, Daystar Productions, intending to produce low budget, independent movies in New York, outside of the restrictive Hollywood system. He first got involved in a crime melodrama entitled Private Property, a quickie exploitation pic shot at a friend's house in ten days. That led to several other similar projects. Stevens realised that working in television would ensure a more regular income for his company and employment for his workforce, especially if Daystar could become involved in TV series production. "We went to United Artists", recalled Stevens, "and asked if there was anything they wanted done. We got a list of subjects for possible series."

From that list Stevens latched onto Rodeo, the working title for a series about the adventure of a rodeo star. A pilot, entitled Stoney Burke and starring Jack (Hawaii Five O) Lord, led to a short, briefly-lived series. United Artists, however, were impressed enough to offer Daystar another try out. "I suggested a science fiction show", says Stevens, recalling the origins of **The Outer Limits.** "Dan Melnick, in charge of network programming, was very leery of doing science fiction. He often referred to **The Outer Limits** as 'Melnick's Folly' because he was afraid the show would not succeed. Up until Star Wars, science fiction was always seen as a commercial dead-end."

ABC's proposed autumn season for 1963 included a series entitled Please Stand By (as **The Outer Limits** was initially called). Before production could begin, though, there were some provisos Stevens had to agree to. He had to sign up a 'name writer' to the series to both impress network executives and the viewers. He recruited his successful screenwriting friend Joseph Stefano who'd been working in movies, his most famous being the original Hitchcock Psycho. Stefano brought to the proposed science fiction series a much darker perspective. He was a fan of and practitioner of dark, gothic American horror. His influence deepened the scripts and premise for **The Outer Limits.**

Stevens and Stefano were an oddly matched pair, a fact which undoubtedly made the series work. "I'm totally different from Joe", says Stevens. "His background is in music and gothic and macabre novels and films. My world as a Broadway playwright and mathematician is dialogue and science. Our working relationship came about because of network pressure. They were pressing me to get a line producer in so I wasn't doing all the jobs and getting all the screen credits." Stevens is clear that Stefano's input changed the nature of the show and contributed to its success. "My shows were very serious and scientific, but Joe's shows had no scientific underpinnings - there isn't one drop of hard science in his shows. They are essentially gothic, monster-horror tales, which is what the network really wanted."

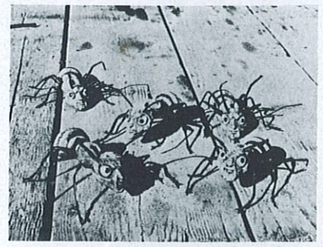
Stevens was the organisational man at Daystar. He kept the company ticking over, handled the money, and made sure that the facilities were in order so that the series could be produced. Stefano was the ideas man. "As the creator", says Stevens, "I would say to Joe 'Come up with whatever you want and if we get the go-ahead from the network, we'll do it'. Joe would come up with 10 or 25 ideas, of which they would select certain ones. That's all I had to do with Joe. He would do the script, the casting, everything else. He was a fountain of mad ideas."

A second proviso was regarded by the networks as even more important than a famous name. The series would only be made if Stevens agreed to feature a monster in every show and made sure it appeared early on in the episode to hook the viewers. "Dan told me 'I don't want

real science fiction, I want to **see** the monster. If you don't bring the monster on in the first three minutes, you've made an aberrant episode'. He said the show needed threat, to humanity, to the world, to an individual, whoever. He was right. We broke that rule a few times and it cost us." Hence the development of the teaser at the episode's beginning, even before the credits, ensuring a glimpse of that week's featured creature.

Putting the series into production, Stevens developed the idea of the Control Voice ("There is nothing wrong with your television set..."). ABC has asked Stevens who would host the new show, as it was then common policy in series like **The Twilight Zone** or Alfred Hitchcock Presents for either a narrator or on-screen individual to introduce and comment on each episode. Stevens didn't want to do this himself, like Rod Sterling or Alfred Hitchcock, but he did come up with another way of achieving the same ends. His story of how he came up with the idea, however, sounds straight out of **The Outer Limits** itself: "A voice told me that the television set would turn off and there would be a glowing dot in the middle of the screen. Then a voice would say 'There is nothing wrong with your television set...' I swear, that came to me from outer space! It took all of two seconds to come up with it. Fortunately, they liked it." Well, all creative geniuses have to be at least a little whacko!

Making its on-screen debut in 1963 the series lived up to everything that Stevens had hoped for - at least in the early days. "The show, from its very first episode (The Galaxy Being, written and directed by Stevens), embodied my love of science as the frontier of human endeavour and the cosmic imagination of man." Stevens singles out some of the earliest episodes as his favourites, including The Sixth Finger, the famous Zanti Misfits (scripted



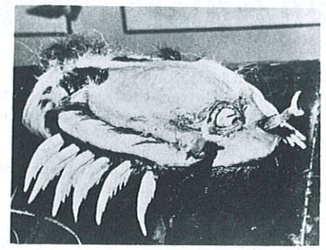
by Stefano) and The Architects Of Fear, which features Robert Culp as a man turned into a monster by some well-meaning scientists out to prevent global war.

However, the series wasn't a big hit and at the end of the first season Joe Stefano was fired by the network and replaced by Ben Brady. Stevens was not pleased: "They thought the show was marginal. It didn't have enough numbers (ratings) to qualify as a smash hit, and they thought Joe's shows were going way too far out. They cut our budget, brought in Brady (a sit-com producer) and fired Joe. The irony was that Joe was producing the kind of Shows Dan Melnick at ABC wanted, yet he was the first to be fired."

The Outer Limits continued into a second, and final, season without Stefano, but with a new creative team in place. Leslie Stevens cut down his involvement in the series that had been his brainchild. "I was mad about the whole thing. None of us felt happy about what had happened. I did my job very much by the numbers from then on - it was purely technical for me, although I did work closely with the second season's story editors Seeleg Lester and Lou Morheim. They really were responsible for the excellence of the concepts and ideas behind those later shows." The series, however, never recaptured the magic or the sense of wonder of the early classic tales. Indeed, Stevens found the production of the show turning into a farce.

"Some of the later shows were hysterical but for all the wrong reasons", says Stevens, citing The Moonstone as an example. "It was from the future and it had an entity in the middle of it that talked - it was absolute bilge. We went into desperate hysterics every time it spoke." Specimen: Unknown is an episode about an invasion of an isolated space station by deadly spores. "I saw the dailies and just about had a heart attack", he remembers. "These flowers opened and just spat out lethal gas. I could see the strings! Then popcorn, dusted with talcum powder for that alien look, shoots out!" Not only did the plants fail to convince Stevens, and therefore the audience, but the finished episode was 15 minutes short of the required running time. Stevens padded out the episode with stock footage of people in emergency situations, supposedly reacting to the invasion of these outer space plants.

The requirement for a new bug-eyed



monster every week with a reduced budget also took its toll on the production of the series. "They make me do worse than cringe", says Stevens of the show's later attempts at rubber aliens. "I disown them. I had overrun and had to come up with a new monster with less than our usual allotment of money. We used to joke that our next creature would be a bicycle inner tube with feathers stuck on it."

The Outer Limits was neither a hit, nor a failure. The ratings were middling, resulting in ABC dropping the show at the end of its second series. There has been interest in a revival several times since 1965. In 1983 there were attempts by both Stefano and Stevens (who each own one third of the rights to the series, MGM/US holding the other third) to launch an **Outer Limits** film. It was to be an anthology feature, comprising three or four tales, possibly remakes of the best episodes from the series. The failure, however, of Steven Spielberg's **Twilight Zone: The Movie** anthology spiked the project. A couple of years later, when anthology series were revived on American television (with a new **Twilight Zone** among others), Stevens and Stefano were asked by ABC to develop an **Outer Limits** TV movie to launch a possible revival of the series. The company, however, objected to Stefano's outline for a two-tale film, and he was asked to leave the project. Stevens was then commissioned to produce both stories (one a time travel tale, the second a **Star Trek**-type gladiatorial fight between a female warrior and an alien). Stevens completed a script, but executive changes at ABC killed the project once again.

Leslie Stevens does believe the series will be revived some day. One of the writers of the Poltergeist movie is trying to get an **Outer Limits** production off the ground as a feature film. The producer of The Hitchhiker anthology show wanted to revive **The Outer Limits** as a half-hour TV series. United Artists TV were all set to go when they discovered that a feature film was a possibility and so dropped their option on a TV version. For the project to go ahead all three parties (Stevens, Stefano and MGM/UA) have to agree.

Leslie Stevens went on to work in production capacities on such SF-orientated shows as **The Invisible Man** with David McCallum, **The Gemini Man, Battlestar Galactica** and **Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.** His lasting contribution to the genre, however, is undoubtedly his first: "I think **The Outer Limits** will survive, despite its stiltedness, as an example of a genuinely imaginative reality. Our show dared to venture into the most extreme aspects of human experience."

ABOVE: David McCallum not feeling himself in Season One's 'The Sixth Finger', CENTRE: Season Two's 'Cold Hands, Warm Heart' starring William Shatner and Geraldine Brooks, OPP' PAGE: 'The Zanti Misfits' (Season One) and 'The Invisible Enemy' (Season Two).

THE MACRA TERROR by Ian Stuart Black

INTRODUCTION: 'The Macra Terror' is recalled, by all who saw it, as one of the true 'Doctor Who' spine-chillers. However the lack of visual evidence required to back up this rare accolade has tended to relegate it to the backwaters of the 'Who mythos, until now. Again with the aid of John Cura's priceless work, we are able to capture at least a flavour of what this story must have been like to view twenty-four years ago. The photographs reproduced

The 'telesnaps' reproduced here hail from the second episode and amount to about a half of the total number that Cura probably took from this episode. Naturally we would be most interested to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of the rest or, indeed, any telesnaps from any missing episode. (With thanks to John Davies, director of 'The Macra Terror').

Episode 1 broadcast 11th March 1967;
audience:8.0m, position:37, appreciation:50,
Episode 2 broadcast 18th March 1967;
audience:7.9m, position:42, appreciation:48,
Episode 3 broadcast 25th March 1967;
audience:8.5m, position:45, appreciation:52,
Episode 4 broadcast 1st April 1967,
audience:8.4m, position:39, appreciation:49.

SYNOPSIS OF EPISODE ONE

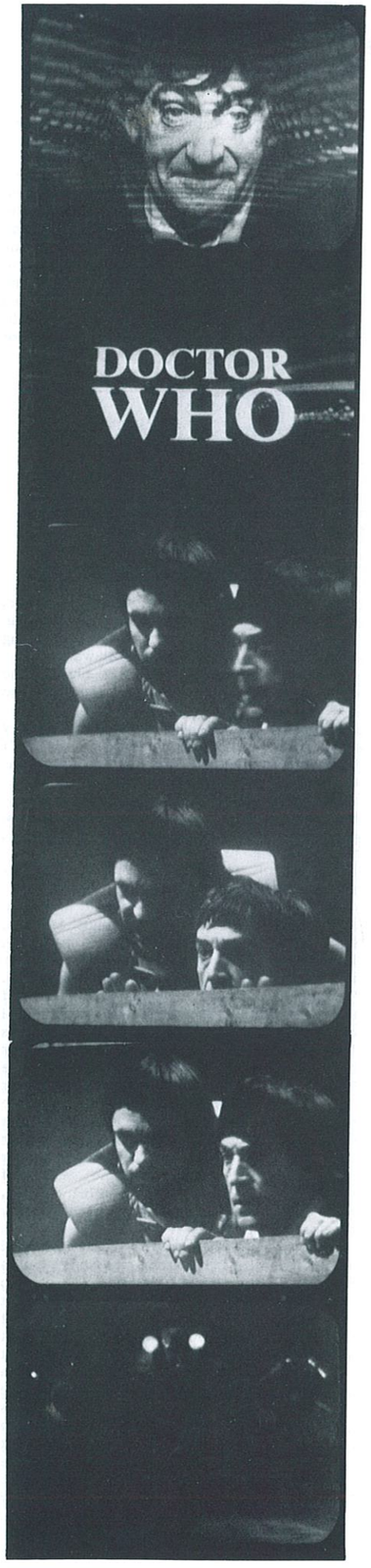
The Doctor, Ben, Polly and new companion Jamie have arrived on an Earth colony far in the future which is run with a holiday camp atmosphere complete with musical jingles exhorting the colonists to work hard and have fun. All appears to be well, with the colony's population in a state of almost nauseating contentment. Welcomed by the colony Pilot and the mysterious, unseen Controller, the Doctor's companions plunge themselves into the fray of goodwill, but the Doctor senses that all is not as it seems...

A man called Medok has claimed that hideous creatures roam the colony at night - claims dismissed as delusions by the Pilot and his men. Intrigued by the stories, the Doctor breaks curfew to talk to Medok, who is being hunted down as a dangerous fugitive by Ola and his policemen. As Medok and the Doctor talk, one of the creatures described - a Macra - lumbers towards them out of the darkness...

EPISODE TWO

Medok cries out a warning to the Doctor who peers into the darkness, searching for what he assumes to be one of the creatures Medok described, but can't see it. Medok insists that the creature is in the moonlight and the Doctor peers again, this time deciphering a hideous, crablike beast. Medok is relieved that he has been vindicated but the Doctor cautions the excited figure to keep both himself and his voice down as the sound of guards approach.

It is too late, however, as they are found by Ola and his policemen. Medok immediately gets up and surrenders, urging them to down their guns. Ola demands to know who Medok's companion is and is furious on hearing that it is the Doctor



and demands to know what he is doing in the area. Medok tries to reason that they have seen the Macra, but Ola isn't interested, nor in the Doctor's appeal which also falls on deaf ears since he is a stranger and strangers have no right to an opinion. Ola considers what to do. Both Medok and the Doctor have broken curfew and the latter is guilty of the even greater crime of assisting an escaped criminal. Both will be brought before the Pilot.

In his office the Pilot is dictating the new shift-working patterns relating to the tapping and utilisation of gas. A machine on his desk signals an emergency call and an electronic voice informs him of the Doctor and Medok's capture. Taken aback, the Pilot orders that the Doctor be brought in. Feigning unconcern at his predicament, the Doctor admires the Pilot's office, but the Pilot is unimpressed by such a show of disingenuousness and accuses the Doctor of committing a serious crime while denouncing Medok as a dangerous man who suffers from hallucinations, an assumption which the Doctor questions but is interrupted as the Pilot's communications terminal bleeps into life again. It is Ola, declaring that he has a statement from Medok that casts new light on the situation. Both are brought in.

Medok declares that the Doctor was not helping him but trying to persuade him to give himself up. The Pilot is initially unconvinced, and neither is the Doctor entirely sure what he is up to, but Medok continues, accusing Ola of not giving the Doctor a chance to explain himself. The Pilot apologises to the Doctor for the misunderstanding and Medok is taken away. The Doctor asks what will happen to him, and learns that he is being taken to the hospital for a course of corrective treatment which, as the Pilot coldly explains, will return him "a changed man, co-operative and obedient, fully in accordance with the ideals of our colony's founders."

After the Doctor has been directed back to his quarters, the screen in the Pilot's office glows with a picture of the Controller, which directs that the Doctor and his companions are to be conditioned at once to think like members of the colony. Dissent cannot be tolerated. The Pilot issues the instructions, then the Controller continues: "No-one in the colony must believe in Macra. There is no such thing as Macra. Macra do not exist! **There are no Macra! THERE ARE NO MACRA!!"**

Later that night Ben, Polly and Jamie are sleeping in cubicles. A soft voice fills their dreams: "The sleeper must relax and believe. You must accept it without question. You must obey orders. The leaders of the colony know what is best. In the morning you will be given work. You will be glad to do it. You will question nothing in the colony..."

Jamie wakes up suddenly and rouses Ben, who is not aware of having heard the voice, yet seems to be showing signs of the conditioning. He urges Jamie to get some sleep ready for the long day ahead of them. The young Scot questions his meaning, and Ben explains that they must do something to help in exchange for the food which the colony has provided for them. Ben closes his eyes and continues to sleep.

In her nearby chalet Polly is sleeping, the soft voice penetrating her conscience. The Doctor is in her cubicle examining the

items around her bed, but all he can hear is a faint humming sound - enough to tell him what is going on. Noticing a small, suspicious-looking hole just above Polly's pillow, the Doctor pokes a button-hook into it and pulls, revealing a thin strand of wire which had evidently been attached to a concealed recording unit. This action results in a puff of smoke which wakens his young companion. The Doctor tells her to forget everything she has been dreaming. Suddenly, remembering his other companions, he rushes to their bunks to cut off the conditioning voice, but he is too late. Ben is clearly under the influence and tries to stop the Doctor's actions by advising Jamie and Polly that he is wrong to interfere this time: "Control knows what's best for us. We should co-operate, we should be helping. I'm going to turn him in." Ben rushes from the room and returns soon after, flanked by Ola and his guards. This time Ola has all the evidence he needs, and he marches the Doctor and Jamie from the room.

In the hospital Medok is being treated, watched over by the Pilot. The conditioning voice is playing but Medok resists. The Pilot declares that he is beyond help and must spend the rest of his days working in the pits. Medok tells the Pilot that nothing will hide the truth, but before he can reply the Pilot receives another call about the Doctor and hurries away.

Polly has gone in search of the Doctor but has found herself in the building site where he was earlier captured. She is being pursued by Ben who is still under conditioning. Eventually he catches up with her and urges her to return to the colony and to conform, but as he grabs her Macra advance on them. Polly screams, but Ben can see nothing. Polly is hysterical: "It was horrible, it had claws - like we saw on the time scanner" (ref: **The Moonbase** episode four). Ben dismisses her claim as though he were reciting from a creed. As he speaks, Polly is attacked by a Macra claw, and at last Ben can see. He grabs a piece of wood and hits out wildly at the monster. Weakened, it scuttles away, but more emerge. Polly and Ben, apparently himself once more, flee back to the colony.

Once again the Doctor is receiving a stern talking-to from the Pilot. As they talk, the Doctor observes that the Pilot, like everyone else, is under subconscious control and, as he did in his companions' sleeping quarters, shorts out the conditioning mechanism. The Pilot is furious and threatens to seriously punish him for his interference.

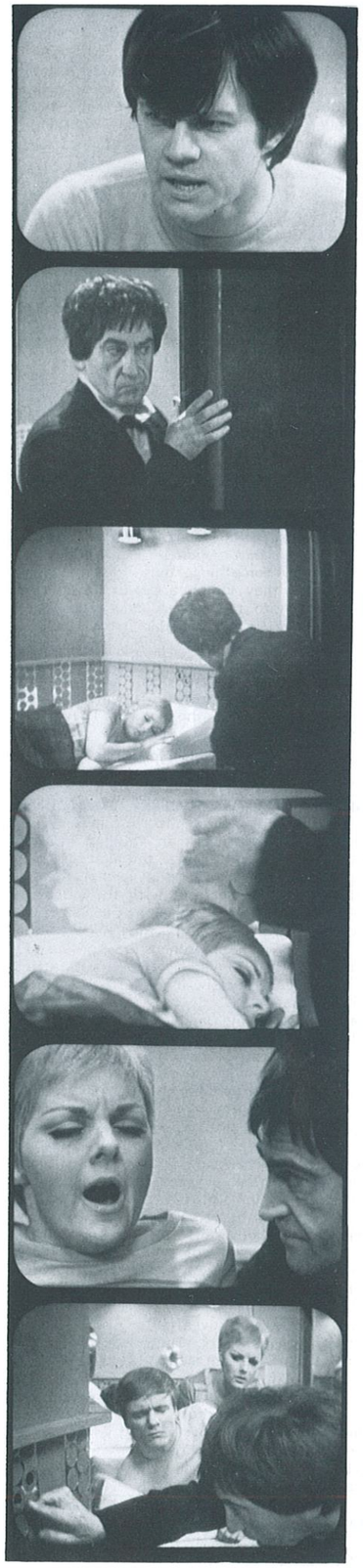
Just then Ola bursts in with Ben and Polly, advising that the former has an urgent report. Jamie, bitter at Ben's earlier betrayal, remarks that it must be to stab somebody else in the back, but Polly springs to Ben's defence stating he risked his life to save her. Annoyed by this persistent talk of monsters, the Pilot demands of Ben whether the tale is true, but the sailor is uncertain as his conditioning is apparently returning: "She ran away. I went after her."

"Were there such creatures?", enquires the Pilot.

"No. There were no such creatures."

Polly is aghast as Ben continues: "There are no such things as Macra. Macra do not exist."

The Doctor explains to his other companions that Ben is clearly under the control of evil forces that dominate the colony. The Pilot is outraged, denouncing



his claim as a lie and insists that Control always acts in the colony's best interests. The Doctor demands to know why, then, doesn't the Controller show himself. Pointing at the face on the screen, the Pilot insists that they **have** seen the Controller, but Jamie is equally scathing and challenges him with the fact that all they have ever seen on the screen is a picture of a man and a recorded voice. The Pilot raises his voice to address the screen: "The strangers wish to see you in person, Controller."

The image of the 'Controller' begins to lose focus and flickers and fades, and a new image appears. It is clearly the same man as before but notably older and weaker in appearance. He appears less assured, even dazed. A voice is heard, but the Controller's lips do not move: "This is your Controller."

Jamie demands to know why he does not speak for himself. At last, the man on the screen is seen to address them direct, but he is hesitant: "I? Am I to speak?"

The familiar Control voice instructs that they must be told to obey, and the man stammers: "I will tell them. I will do as you wish. Keep back...do not touch me...".

It is apparent to those in the Pilot's office that the Controller is speaking in response to something that they cannot see, and as they watch a great, crab-like claw whips into the picture and drags the obviously terrified 'Controller' from view.

Polly screams that it is the Macra but is shouted down by the Pilot's orders for them to be removed and condemned to the pits. Again Polly screams: "The Macra are in control! They run the colony. They run your **lives**!"

SYNOPSIS OF EPISODES THREE AND FOUR

Thanks to their conditioning, neither Ben nor the Pilot see the Macra. Jamie and Polly are sent to work in the gas mines while the Doctor, owing to his age, is consigned to work in the pump room. While there, he interferes with the system, lethally altering the formula of the gas which temporarily affects the Macra who are reliant on the poisonous gas produced from pockets within the mine (the Macra are parasites, literally living off the work of the colonists).

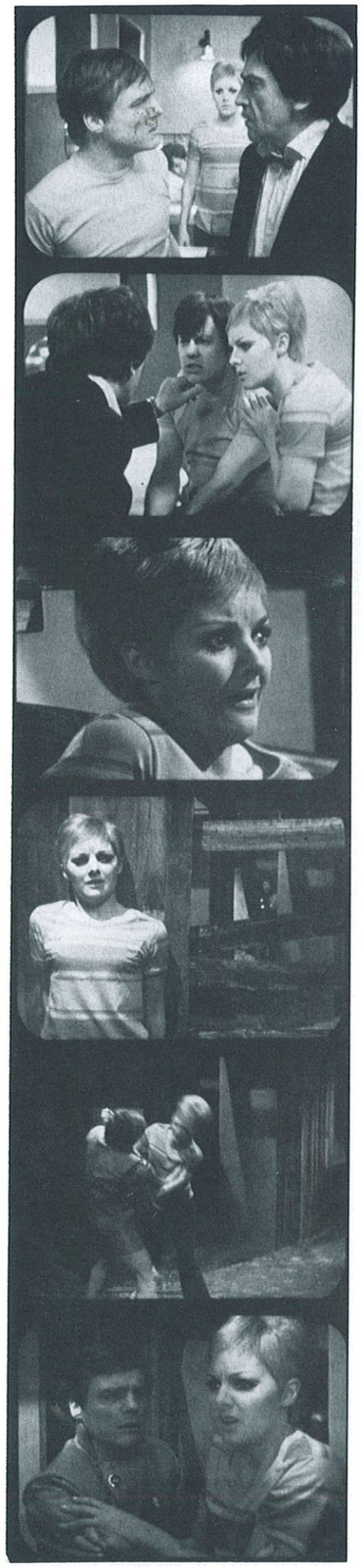
Medok and Jamie lead an escape bid but find themselves in a tunnel full of Macra. The Doctor assists them from the pump room by flooding the tunnel with fresh air, stunning the Macra, but not before Medok is caught and eaten alive. The mines are surrounded, but Polly and the Doctor escape. Jamie is captured by Ola and Ben, who is slowly breaking his conditioning and taken to the Pilot, whose conditioning is also fading thanks to the Doctor's earlier interference.

Meanwhile Polly and the Doctor reach the heart of the colony and find that Control is, in fact, a disgusting giant white Macra. They return to the Pilot who is deposed by Ola on the orders of Control after the Doctor reveals the true nature of the colony's rulers. They are locked up in the Pilot's office with gas seeping in threatening to subdue their willpower.

A recovered Ben, under the guidance of the imprisoned Doctor, returns to the pump room and destroys all the gas pumps, thereby killing off the Macra.

The colony is freed and, in gratitude, it is announced that a Dance Festival will be held every year in honour of 'The Strangers'.

Complied by Peter Linford and Gary Leigh



EPISODE TWO CAST

Doctor Who	Patrick Troughton
Ben	Michael Craze
Polly	Anneke Wills
Jamie	Frazer Hines
Pilot	Peter Jeffrey
Medok	Terence Lodge
Ola	Gertan Klauber
Controller	Graham Leaman
Control Voice	Denis Goacher
Macra Operator	Robert Jewell

CREW

Production Assistant	Chris D'Oyly-John
Assistant Floor Manager	Ann Faggetter
Lighting	Frank Cresswell, Terry Wild
Sound	Hugh Barker, Gordon Mackie
Costume Supervisor	Daphne Dare
Make-up Supervisor	Gillian James
Music	Dudley Simpson
Story Editor	Gerry Davis
Designer	Kenneth Sharp
Producer	Innes Lloyd
Director	John Davies

TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS

IN WRITING his storyline and scripts for this show Ian Stuart Black had the Macra in mind as being a race of insect-men. This notion was radically changed by the production crew who felt insect-men might be too comparable with the aliens seen in 'The Web Planet' (Serial "N"). Thus, the creatures were changed to large crabs though, in the script, they were still referred to as insects.

THE MACRA TERROR was a great success, aiding and abetting the ratings recovery staged with 'The Moonbase' (Serial "HH"). It did, though, draw a lot of critical letters, mainly from concerned parents who saw in the programme a level of physical and psychological horror not previously ladelled out in the series in such quantities.

ALTHOUGH IN TRUTH only one full-size Macra was ever built, it was a memorable example of good visual effects. The creature stood about nine-feet from ground level to the tips of its antennae. So bulky was it that for scenes requiring physical visible movement (all of which were done on film), the prop had to be mounted on the back of a lorry cab chassis which was then driven, slowly, in reverse. A powerful set of interior lights gave a white, luminous glow to the Macra's cranium, which was bright when the creature was active and dull whenever it was dormant. Macra operator Robert Jewell was kept very busy standing inside the wooden framework (see interview, ref:DWB#44/45). A set of levers controlled the movement of the antennae and the attack claws, while the mandible claws were hollow, enabling him to slide his hands inside to work them like gloves. The mouth was rubberised with tubes embedded inside it that fed back, out of camera, to where the effects technicians could hand-pump a coloured mixture of foam, wallpaper paste and wood chippings which emerged as the Macra's slime. By hauling on some interior handles Robert Jewell could also give the monster some limited body movements.

ANOTHER ASPECT of the show which contributed to its horrific appeal was its setting. Aside from early daytime scenes in the first episode almost all the action took place at night using low-key lighting.

THE NOCTURNAL SETTING also aided the studio handling of the Macra's scenes. As mentioned above a lorry cab provided the creature with motion on film, but this could not be used in the studio where noise levels are critical. Instead, a wide variety of tricks was employed to suggest not only one moving Macra, but several of them.

ONE TECHNIQUE was the careful positioning of a gimballed mirror. This enabled the static Macra to be "seen" from different sets (e.g. beyond the window of a semi-constructed building). Also, by the mirror on its gimbals and by having the camera zooming into the image the creature could be seen shuffling forwards.

PARTS OF THE MACRA PROP could also be detached, such as the attack claws which could be independently handled by an operator. In such a way the attack on Polly in episode two was achieved. For example, a claw coming through the side of a building and grabbing the girl was followed by a close-up of the Macra prop on its stage.

BACK-PROJECTION of filmed Macra footage also enable them to be seen on cue in several sets, such as the colony exterior.

MOST COMPLEX of all to do was the attack on Jamie by two Macra at the end of episode three/beginning of episode four. Editing of videotape was much easier to do now than it had been in 1963, and so much of this scene was shot out of sequence with Jamie fighting first the Macra left of camera, then the repositioned Macra right of camera. By stringent editing this scene was later blended as a montage, complete with telecine footage, of

Jamie huddling in a tunnel vent as the Macra bring down part of the mine roof on top of him.

A MAJOR REQUIREMENT of this story was the use of smoke guns and "Burco" boilers to generate steam, smoke and dry-ice effects for the gas craved by the Macra. The storyline called for the gas to be seen seeping out of the ground at night, and thus a layer of dry-ice covered both the film and studio exterior sets most of the time. This was an aid to the filmed footage of moving Macra, as it hid the fact that the Macra had no obvious walking limbs, only a rubberised skirt. Steam vents were also let into sets which were to be flooded with gas (e.g. the mine tunnels). To disperse the gas controllably these shots were done on film and then rolled in reverse to suggest the air clearing. For the studio sets, in episode four, from which gas had to be dispersed quickly, a wind machine was provided.

ANOTHER ASPECT of the underlying horror of this story was Kenneth Sharp's sets for the colony interior. His idea was to present it as a holiday camp gone mad - a 'Butlins' in space, masking horror beneath the apparent gaiety. To this end all sets suggested a holiday camp, even down to the rest cubicles which appeared as a row of chalets complete with inverted V-shaped roofs. The costumes also complimented this idea, appearing on screen as a cross between Redcoat uniforms and the type of Ruritarian military uniforms seen on chocolate box lids.

BACK PROJECTION was used for all the Control, Propaganda and announcement broadcasts. Both the colony interior and the Pilot's office sets were fitted with 7' x 5' back-projection screens, onto which either moving telecine or still caption slides could be projected on cue. A photograph of a "handsome" Graham Leaman came up every time a Control broadcast was made. Moving back-projection was employed for the conclusion of episode two as the real Controller is seen and dragged away by the Macra claw.

RICHARD BEALE's Broadcast and Propaganda announcements and Deni Goacher's Americanised Control voice were all pre-recorded a month before the first episode went into the studio. Not only did this help the design and timings of these broadcasts, it also enabled the complex Radiophonic and musical arrangements to be worked out.

DUDLEY SIMPSON and the staff of the Radiophonic Workshop (led by Brian Hodgson) worked out the longest and most complex Radiophonic score yet seen in the series. All the colony scenes had a subliminal set of tones running through them, suggesting everything from a concentrated work environment to "sleep-time". As examples of Radiophonic score totals, during the first episode the score ran to 11 minutes 51 seconds, and in the second it amounted to 18 minutes 26 seconds.

ABOVE THIS there were all the jingles - the happy rhymes and songs exhorting the workers to ever greater efforts for the good of the colony. These were composed by Dudley Simpson, arranged by Wilfred Johns and recorded at the Radiophonic Workshop by three unnamed female singers. Simpson and Johns also composed and arranged the main theme and tunes for the colony celebrations, which needed a three-piece band for the longest track heard at the beginning of episode one and the end of episode four.

PLAYING SOLO on an electric organ, Simpson devised the monophobic Macra theme - a reedy-sounding piece which heralded either an appearance of a Macra (episode one) or a Macra attack (episode three).

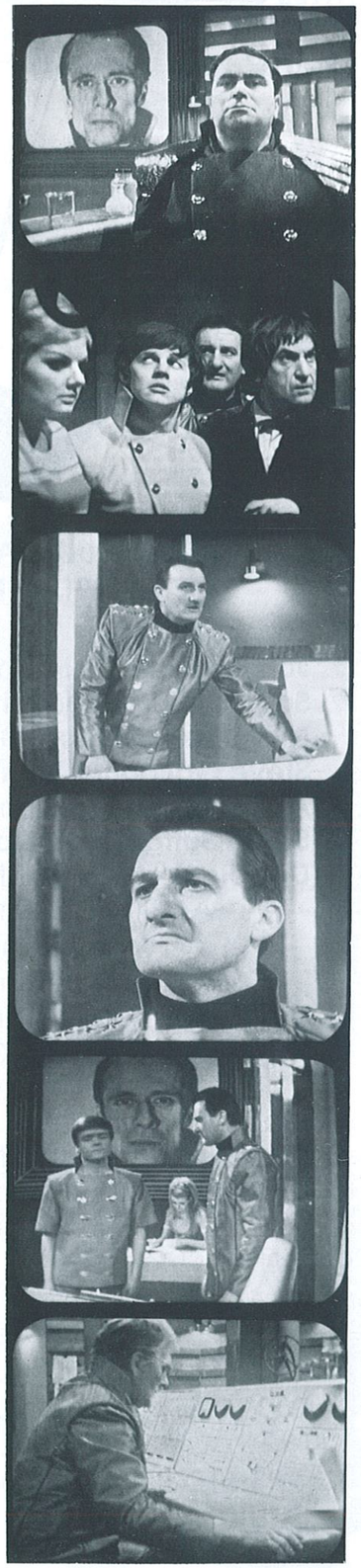
THE MACRA TERROR saw the introduction of a new title sequence and re-arranged theme tune. The Radiophopnic Workshop restructured Ron Grainer's original score synching it in with the new titles, designed solely this time by Bernard Lodge.

ADDED AS A TELECINE INSERT to episode four's recording on March 26th 1967 was a thirty-second trailer for 'The Faceless Ones' (Serial "KK"). This trailer comprised a montage of Gatwick location footage featuring the Doctor, Jamie, Ben and Polly.

(C) JEREMY BENTHAM & CMS

*W.H.ALLEN published Ian Stuart Black's novelisation of 'The Macra Terror' in 1987.

*OUR LIST of Ian Stuart Black's major tele-fantasy credits last issue neglected to include his important contribution to the second season of 'Adam Adamant Lives!', which were two episodes titled 'The Basardi Affair' (transmitted 21/1/67) and 'Another Little Drink' (transmitted 11/2/67).



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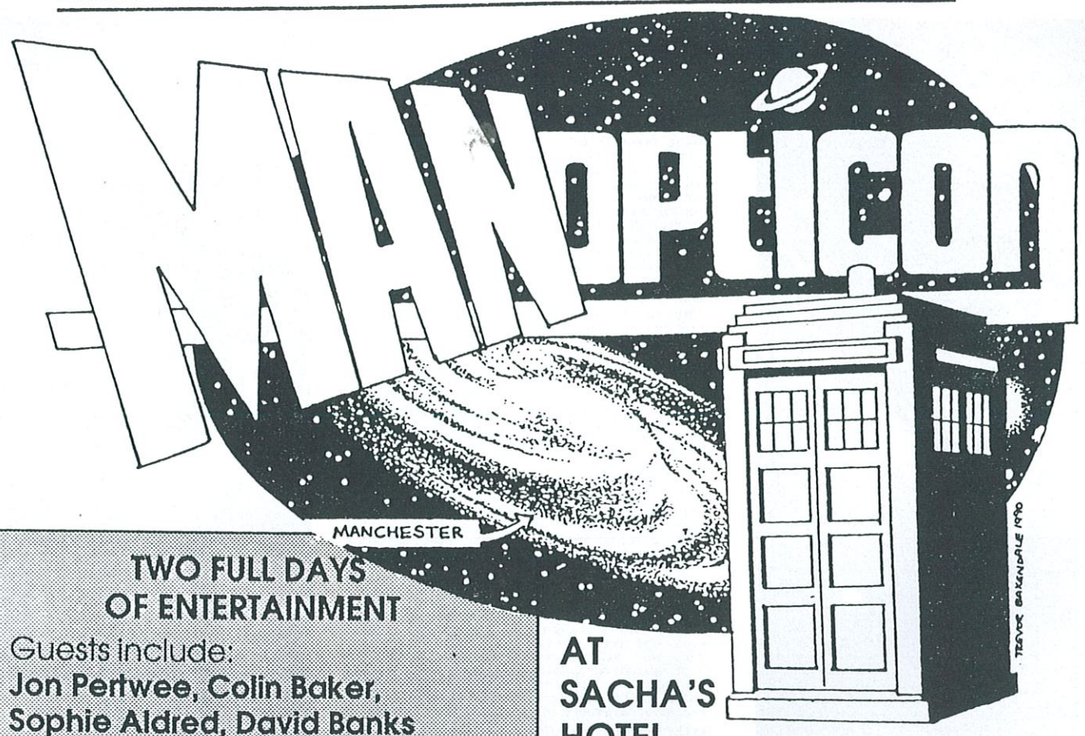

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  Sarah Sutton, Pete Wallbank
  Debbie Watling, Stephen Wyatt
  And for the first time
  Jackie Lane
  Master of Ceremonies:
  John Freeman of Marvel Comics
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- *Competitions and Games*
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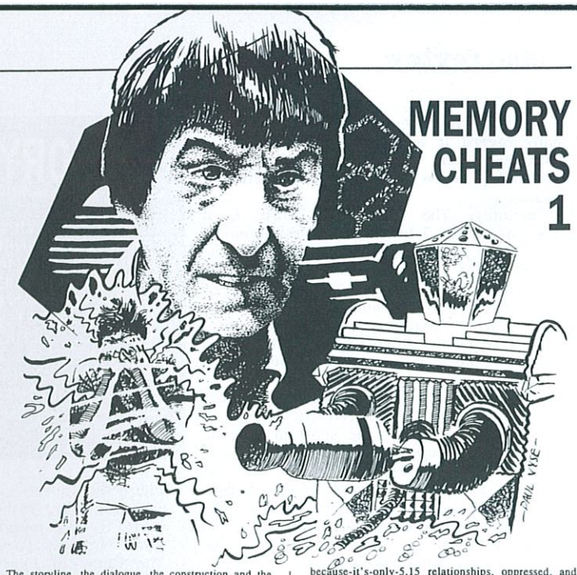

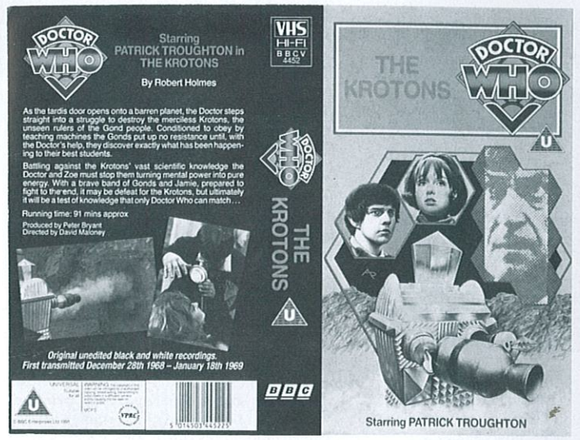
DOCTOR WHO
Starring
PATRICK TROUGHTON in
THE KROTONS
By Robert Holmes
VHS
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4452
As the tardis door opens onto a barren planet, the Doctor steps straight into a struggle to destroy the merciless Krotons, the unseen rulers of the Gond people. Conditioned to obey by teaching machines the Gonds put up no resistance until, with the Doctor's help, they discover exactly what has been happening to their best students.
Battling against the Krotons' vast scientific knowledge the Doctor and Zoe must stop them turning mental power into pure energy. With a brave band of Gonds and Jamie, prepared to fight to the end, it may be defeat for the Krotons, but ultimately it will be a test of knowledge that only Doctor Who can match...
Running time: 91 mins approx
Produced by Peter Bryant
Directed by David Maloney
THE KROTONS
Original unedited black and white recordings.
First transmitted December 28th 1968 - January 18th 1969
BBC
THE KROTONS
DOCTOR WHO
U
Starring PATRICK TROUGHTON

IT WOULD be disastrous to approach *The Krotons* within the standard Memory Cheats format — ie. viewed from the supposed stand-point of 1969. Firstly I was only 18 months old at the time, and therefore perhaps not the most discerning of viewers, and secondly, one would inevitably end up comparing it to the excitement of *Invasion* and *The Seeds of Death*, or the innovation of *The Mind Robber*. It would then be all too easy to lump it together with the likes of *The Dominators*, *The Space Pirates* or the slower parts of *The War Games*, resulting in a reinforcement of the prevailing view that Season 6 saw Dr Who in decline, a collection of slow-moving, dull and pedestrian stories enlivened only by a talented trio of regular cast and the occasional well-paced story.

This would be a mistake. Afficionados of Dr Who frequently cite two main preferred types — the exciting action story (eg. *Seeds of Doom*, *Invasion*, *Earthshock*) or the innovative SF concept drama (eg. *Kinda*, *Warriors' Gate*, et al), or even better both. But this would be to ignore the vast majority of ordinary Who stories, mundane, competent, enjoyable but ultimately unmemorable tales that occupied four or six Saturdays of our formative years. You sir, do you claim that you watched Dr Who only in anticipation of a *Talons* or an *Evil of the Daleks*, enduring hour upon hour of *Peladons* and *Sontarans* in the hope of one day chancing upon a true classic? No. Not only were the supposedly mundane stories required to enhance the relative stature of these "classics", but more than this, they were the backbone of the programme, bread and butter to Dr Who fans. And on the subject of food analogies — to fully appreciate steak one must have 'tasted' a Big Mac. Another analogy — a diet of veal, venison and game without bread and potatoes would stifle, suffocate and ultimately kill. We *need* the mundane stories, and their apologists need not proclaim their "classic" status or over-exaggerate their attributes in order to defend them. Revel in the mediocrity, enjoy mundanity — it may have been *Tomb* or *Inferno* or *Genesis* that attracted you to Dr Who in the first place, but it was the *Highlanders*, *Axos* or *Revenge* that kept you watching. And if you truly claim not to enjoy these stories that make up perhaps 60% of the programme's history, are you really a fan, or merely a connoisseur? Enough theory.

I wasn't old enough in 1969 to fully appreciate *The Krotons* first time around, but being 18 months when it first showed up had its advantages. It meant that I was the perfect age to adore *The Krotons* when it finally resurfaced 12 years later as part of BBC2's wonderful and inspired 'Five Faces' season. "When was Dr Who good?" and the answer is always "When I was 14." In common with so many of my generation (and according to DWB's summer poll, we form the vast majority) I had been educated for a year or more by Dr Who Monthly to just the right stage to fully appreciate a blast from the past, a piece of history from another age. (Funny to think that *The Krotons* was then as recent as *Ribos Operation* is today — and yet it seemed to come from another century.) My enthusiasm for Dr Who was at its height (a coincidence that I had yet to encounter the DWAS and 'organised' fandom? I think not) and to one whose sole grimpse of the legendary Troughton had been the dimly but fondly remembered *Three Doctors* nine years ago, anything furzy and black and white would have seemed like magic. (It seems incredible now, but back in 1981 Troughton was still dubbed 'the forgoten Doctor'. Don't worry Pete, give it ten years and they'll all be choking back tears and writing nostalgic articles about the 'magic' of the Davison years.)

Today it may seem that memory cheats, that my initial enthusiasm for what now seems creaky, amateurish, dull and showing every one of its 22 years was due, not so much to rose-tinted glasses or misplaced nostalgia for an era I never really knew first hand, as to naivety, innocence and a lack of knowledge of anything better. And yes, it may well be true that so eager was I to be impressed by a slice of Dr Who prehistory that I would have applauded even the direst of scripts, wobbliest of sets and most laughable of monsters. But to those of us who had never witnessed *Evil of the Daleks*, *Tomb of the Cybermen* or *Fury from the Deep* — and perhaps never will — this seemed like the epitome of classic Who. So *this* was Dr Who's roots, this is where the Caped Crusader came from; where Tom Baker and his jelly babies, the clowning and the tension, the drama and the farce all originated. The Waste Land's first draft may not be the most sublime poem in the English language, but it remains a piece of literary history, laying bare the the evolution at work in the creative process, and as such a document for Dr Who did *The Krotons* serve. Over those five weeks in 1981 we saw the evolution of our programme from humble (yet magical) beginnings into a sophisticated drama that yet somehow still appeared the same. *The Krotons* was part of this testament, and valuable perhaps primarily for that.

But there was more to my enjoyment than a sense of discovery, of history. In its own right, *The Krotons* was entertainment. It stood up alone as a tight, crisp 100 minutes of enjoyable television. Its sets were small, sometimes cheap; the acting tended towards the wooden on occasions; the Krotons themselves could quite conceivably have been drawn from a Blue Peter design-a-monster competition, as legend for so many years insisted. It was devoid of music, special effects on any real scale, even action, in the contemporary sense of the word. And yet it worked, so well. It needs no apologies, just your appreciation.

In his review of *The Moonbase* (DWB 85), David Howe described his disappointment at seeing *The Krotons* again in 1981, how the wonderful atmosphere conjured up by the soundtrack was so drastically undermined by the visuals. It has to be admitted that the physical appearance of the sets, costumes and, yes, monsters did not even approach the memories sustained by our crackly audio tapes. I can quite understand David's disappointment, but surely there's more to a Dr Who story than flash sets and glossy production. The storyline, the dialogue, the construction and the characters are all unchanged when seen as well as heard, and all are excellent.

Dr Who Weekly Fact File Number 12 : What Every Dr Who Fan Knows About The Krotons. (1) It was the first script written by Robert Holmes, a promising new writer nutured by the then assistant script editor Terrance Dicks; (2) it was originally written as a non-Dr Who script for BBC 2, under the title of 'The Space Trap', and only found its way into the Dr Who office by mistake; (3) the monsters' voices were weird, a sort of South African cockney through a megaphone; (4) the monsters were very silly and kept bumping into the scenery; (5) it wasn't nearly as good as most of Patrick Troughton's other stories; (6) there's a funny scene with Zoe and the teaching machine; and (7) the plot really doesn't bear repeating.

The plot is simple, clichéd, and very effective. There are few subtle twists, little to wrap your brain around. By today's standards it is slow. Yet this fourteen year-old found himself absorbed in it, oblivious even to the 'historic' aspects of the showing, he got involved in the story, clenched his fist in frustration at the end of each episode as he had to wait 23 hours and 35 minutes to find out what happened next. It may be basic, but it worked. A society kept in slavery by ignorance is nothing new, even by Dr Who standards (five years in and they'd already done practically every plot in the book), but the presentation helped to lift it above cliché. Nothing flashy, nothing showy; the direction was simple but effective, as you'll be able to see for yourself soon. The location work in particular is very good at putting across the feel of a world oppressed without realing knowing it — sparse, empty ... quiet.

'Quiet' is perhaps the key to the whole secret of *The Krotons*' success. If you listen to just the soundtrack (as we had to before videos) you'll see what I mean. There is no music whatsoever, something that might not have seemed unusual three or four years earlier, but by 1969 (a year before *Spearhead* etc.) it would have stood out like a sore thumb. Gond-land (for want of a better name) is a dead world; its people are still there, but their spirit has gone. The wastelands are truly dead (or so the Gonds believe), but even the city complex seems lifeless, and this is reflected, indeed amplified, by the lack of any harmony in the air. All we hear are sound effects, clangs and burbles and hums and hisses, and their effect is all the more for not being dissipated by music.

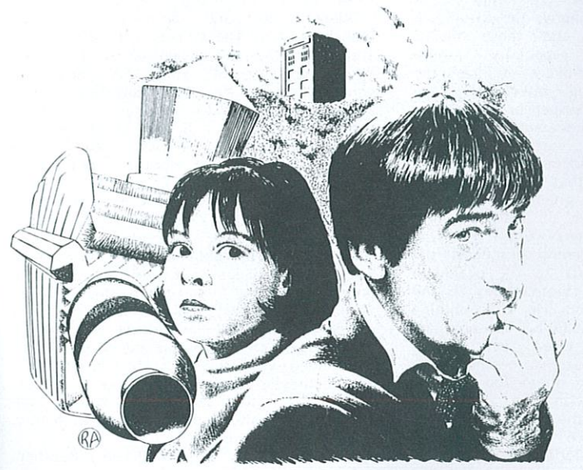
This quietness is carried through into the visuals. Of course, black and white naturally tones down any chance for ostentation, but even by monochrome standards *The Krotons* is dull. The costumes are bland, the sets are Flash Gordon. All of which, I think, works to its advantage. Not only is there little to distract from the storyline, but this overall blandness emphasises the emptiness of the Gonds, highlights their slavery. They are, despite the continuation of family life, internecine squabbles and not-too-horrid-because-it's-only-5.15 relationships, oppressed, and somehow we are never allowed to forget this. It is their realisation and ultimately release from this oppression that forms the backbone of the story, and in such a tightly-scripted plot little is allowed that might detract from this. No irrelevant sub-plots, few scenes that deviate from the main thrust of the story — *The Krotons* just gets on with telling the story, and telling it well.

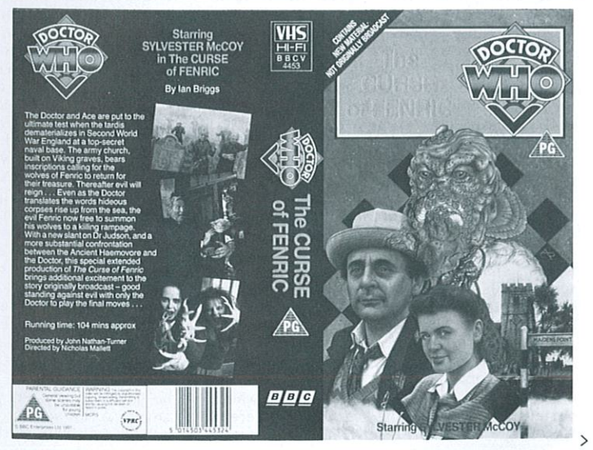
As I said, I'd never seen a Patrick Troughton story before, and I was impressed with the regular cast. Troughton somehow seemed to dominate without necessarily being the main character in every scene (which seemed odd after Tom Baker); Zoe, of course, I fell in love with, because every fourteen year-old worships Wendy Padbury, especially in bottom-hugging jumpsuits or very short mini-skirts; and Jamie was endearing, even if Frazer Hines's acting was appalling (which seemed quite normal after a season of Matthew Waterhouse). I did start wondering if the Doctor was a coward after the way he left Jamie to deal with all the heavy stuff in episode one, but later events proved me wrong — violence just wasn't his 'thing'. Definitely the best Tardis crew since ... oh, the last one, probably.

The Krotons themselves, as sixties monsters go, weren't bad, certainly no worse than the Daleks or the Cybermen at their worst (and the voices were far superior). It came as a surprise when it was revealed that they were effectively blind outside the Dynatrope, something one hadn't expected, which in a way sums up *The Krotons* as a story. The basic plot was staggeringly unoriginal, but just when you thought that you knew exactly what was going to happen next, they threw in something different. The Doctor is attacked by a highly-suspect trouser snake? Why, he just covers his face. Of course ... I'd like to see him try that with a Dalek. The Tardis is about to be disintegrated? Enter the HADS, which for some strange reason we'd never heard of until now. And the Doctor and Zoe both take the Krotons' intelligence test — and Zoe wins. Which at first jarred, but then suddenly seemed quite right — Troughton was never the kind of Doctor who needed to prove his intelligence, it was just there.

Okay, I liked *The Krotons*. So what does that prove? Certainly not that it was one of the classic stories of the late sixties, less still that it deserves a placing in some abstract hall of fame for forgotten Dr Who stories. And it *is* forgotten — if it hadn't been for the Five Faces it would probably be no better remembered than *The Dominators* or *Hand of Fear*. I don't claim that it will ever be seen as the definitive Troughton monster story, or even as a particularly good story. But for four weeks in 1969 — or four days in 1981, or 100 minutes in 1991 — it provided escapism, entertainment, and a continuation of the Dr Who legend. We need stories like *The Krotons*, to pace ourselves between the blockbusters, and I'm glad that BBC Video have inadvertently realised that. Don't make too many demands of this little tale and you may be pleasantly surprised.

DAVID GIBBS




DOCTOR WHO
Starring
SYLVESTER McCOY
in The CURSE
of FENRIC
By Ian Briggs
VHS
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4453
CONTAINS NEW MATERIAL NEVER ORIGINALLY BROADCAST
The Doctor and Ace are put to the ultimate test when the tardis dematerializes in Second World War England at a top-secret naval base. The army church, built on Viking graves, bears inscriptions calling for the wolves of Fenric to return for their treasure. Thereafter evil will reign ... Even as the Doctor translates the words hideous corpses rise up from the sea, the evil Fenric now free to summon his wolves to a killing rampage. With a new slant on Dr Judson, and a more substantial confrontation between the Ancient Haemovore and the Doctor, this special extended production of The Curse of Fenric brings additional excitement to the story originally broadcast – good standing against evil with only the Doctor to play the final moves ...
Running time: 104 mins approx
Produced by John Nathan-Turner
Directed by Nicholas Mallett
The CURSE of FENRIC
PG
BBC
Starring SYLVESTER McCOY

MEMORY CHEATS 2

IN OUR INTERVIEW WITH B B C VIDEO A YEAR AGO (REF: D W B#75) IT WAS SUGGESTED THAT AN EXTENDED VERSION OF 'THE CURSE OF FENRIC' WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT ADDITION TO THE 'DOCTOR WHO' RANGE OF RELEASES. HERE, THE INTERVIEWER WHO MOOTED THE IDEA - WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY PROMPTED B B C VIDEO INTO EXAMINING THE FEASIBILITY OF SUCH A PRODUCT - REVIEWS 'HIS' BRAINCHILD...

IT SITS in the memory as a good story. Many regard it as a great story, while a good few others - if readers' letters are a yardstick - even accord it the status of classic.

Certainly, **The Curse of Fenric** is a story of which John Nathan-Turner can be justifiably proud. It obeys most of the ground rules for telling a **Doctor Who** story and its production values are of a very high order. Indeed, it is the story's noteworthy production values that most capture attention when watching this serial again on the BBC's extended home video release.

One of John Nathan-Turner's more unsung points of merit is that he predominantly brought the show in on time and within budget, an achievement not many BBC producers can point to. And this is despite the very tight budget allowed the series. It is no exaggeration that **Red Dwarf** spends more on its 35mm model shot inserts than is allocated an entire **Doctor Who** four-part serial...

The nice thing about **The Curse of Fenric** is that the money is where it belongs; up front and on screen. Those who recall with yearning **Doctor Who**'s cinematic standard bearer, Hammer Films, remember just how lavish were the movies from that studio, which likewise were done for comparatively small sums of money. The legacy of Hammer is a good basis on which to judge **The Curse of Fenric.** If you believe, as Robert Holmes fervently did, that **Doctor Who** is at its best when its Hammer gothic roots are showing, then Ian Briggs' scripting and Nick Mallett's direction are pure homage to those strong motifs and traditions. Hammer proved that gothic need not solely be the province of Shelley and Stoker; that it was possible, with films like The Reptile, to bring that house style into the twentieth century.

This is exactly what Briggs has done with **The Curse of Fenric,** aided and abetted by Nick Mallett and some very grim and foreboding incidental music courtesy of Mark Ayres. The very first scene of the Russian troops paddling their dinghies into the mist, their movements observed from beneath the waves by... something, is electrifying stuff. It hooks the viewer with intriguing and disturbing shots and threatens not to let go. Unfortunately it does let go, a few moments later, as the action shifts to where the TARDIS is materialising. This is a directing and editing trend that has developed in **Doctor Who** over the last decade, and frankly it can be infuriating when strong narrative is present, as it is in **The Curse of Fenric.**

One of the hopes expressed by most people, on hearing the news that BBC Enterprises was releasing an extended play version of the story, was that the pace of the story would be rebalanced. Reading the book reveals how Briggs worked hard to plot an ever-tightening noose of menace and threat, from the loss of that first commando dinghy through to that inevitable episode cliff-hanger of the monsters rising from the water to lurch ashore in search of victims. It is a misguided belief that average audience attention spans are no longer than two-and-a-half minutes per scene. This is probably more the plaintive bleatings of modern day bad writers and bad directors whose unstructured material is not worthy of dedicated audiences.

In fairness, a lot of the restored footage in **The Curse of Fenric** does work to extend good scenes, and perhaps nowhere better than during the Reverend Wainwright's pulpit sermon to himself where he questions the evolution of his own faith or, rather, compounds his lack of it. If, like myself, you groaned inwardly when Nicholas Parsons was announced for **The Curse of Fenric,** fearing another Ken Dodd debacle, his subsequent sterling performance as the doubt-ridden vicar of St.Judes was proof that books should never be judged by their covers.

The rapid scene and pace switching is still a strong detrimental quality to this story, a sad fact of life for which culpability probably rests with script editor Andrew Cartmel. From what has been gleaned through interviews with Cartmel, his vision of the "darker" Seventh Doctor is of a wandering spirit, possessed and consumed by dreadful visions of the future which he sees as his moral crusade to put right. He knows all the pieces in the jigsaw. His conundrum is to put them together in the right order, an endeavour in which he is constantly plagued by others, like Ace, who upset his plans and equations. This is an excellent base for a character in literature, where the abstract nature of the written word can allow for whole passages of descriptive and motivational text without detracting from the plot. The problem is, it doesn't work too well on screen. Alfred Hitchcock firmly believed the audience should always be given enough information to be able to anticipate, rightly or wrongly, what is likely to happen next; that thrill of expectancy knowing that, at the end of that dark corridor down which the heroine is treading towards that room at the end, waits some nameless evil...

As mentioned above, it is these rolling sequences of threat and menace that give **The Curse of Fenric** its edge. The disappearance of the dinghy, the attack on the Russian outlook and those murky underwater shots, especially those embellished by voice-overs telling the history of the Viking interlopers, are masterful moments of suspense. Why, then, should it be deemed necessary to shatter that carefully-woven atmosphere by unnecessarily rapid scene cuts and a Doctor so hyperactive that what few words of explanation we are given get delivered at a speed a designer of machine guns would envy? One moment we are entering the bunk room as evening descends, the next minute we are off to the beach to find more clues. The Doctor goes to the crypt to see Dr. Judson. He is examining the runic engravings. Fine, so now he strolls off somewhere else... This Doctor constantly appears impatient to find clues, but too often he finds them too quickly, leaving the viewer with the impression he instinctively knew they would be there anyway. No wonder Ace has become such a firm favourite with **Doctor Who** fans. We all share her exasperation with the Seventh Doctor's quite mind-screaming behaviour!

Ace, by contrast, is a character who has developed by leaps and bounds in the last few years. From a dubious and somewhat unbelievable debut in **Dragonfire,** this rôle model in troubled adolescence has come to occupy an envied plinth as far as **Doctor Who** companions go. Far from merely being the "But tell me Doctor..." cipher (for which she never gets an answer anyway), Ace has genuinely progressed as a character. Unlike Susan Foreman, she has been allowed to grow up, and nowhere is this more evident than in **The Curse of Fenric.** The restored footage in the scene where she tells Kathleen she once thought she would never get married, but is now not so sure, is pure character development. It explains her later alliance with Captain Sorin, her unexpected displays of overt affection for baby Audrey, and presages the whole symbolism of her scene at the end where she dives into the warm waters of the bay, to emerge like a Venus reborn, ready to tackle her newfound feelings as a woman.

Whatever the television future of the Seventh Doctor might be, any future producers of the series would miss many golden opportunities to retrieve the lost older age audience were they to let Ace go. If nothing else, further sights of Sophie Aldred in stockings, suspenders and blue knickers would bring the dads back in droves!

No **Doctor Who** story is complete without its monsters, and in the Haemovores we have maybe the ultimate blending of those two horror film stalwarts; the vampire and the zombie. Even that definitive cliché of a myriad of George Romero zombie flicks (and the odd Michael Jackson video) is present, as the hungry bluebloods crash clutching hands through wooden doors and window frames in search of screaming prey.

The Haemovores themselves are visually very striking, proof, if ever it was needed, that **Doctor Who** is unrivalled in this field of expertise (although **Star Trek** is catching up fast). However, will someone please tell me why it is that every **Doctor Who** extra who ever dons a monster costume is of the belief that monsters can only walk or lurch if they hold their hands out in front of them like demented sleepwalkers? It worked well enough for Boris Karloff in the old Universal Frankenstein films, but surely in sixty years of movie-making drama schools could find other case studies from which to teach? There are some brilliantly lit and directed shots of Haemovores in **The Curse of Fenric,** as its status of the most photographed **Doctor Who** story of all time confirms. But equally, there are too many lurch-lurch shots retained to prompt unwanted comparisons with a Scooby Doo cartoon. Better again to have lost some of this material in favour of more plot-developing footage.

It looks as though **The Curse of Fenric** is likely to be the only extended release **Doctor Who** video. If reports from the BBC are to be believed, the raw video footage from Season 26 has recently been purged, making impossible any similar venture with, say, **Ghost Light.** It's a shame because the marketing ploy of an "Extra Footage" release ought to guarantee this video very healthy sales indeed, and thus achieving that most precious of goals at present - to keep **Doctor Who** as high profile as possible with the general public; in sight and in mind.

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